THE TOWER
1921

CATHEDRAL HIGH SCHOOL

Edited by

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JUNE, 1921

The TOWER

Published by the

CATHEDRAL HIGH SCHOOL

1921

"Deo et Patriae"

It was an ideal day. The sun was shining brightly, casting spots of gold on the green lawns and touching up everything with its radiant rays; all nature seemed to smile in silent acquiescence of the plan that had been so nobly carried out. Here and there little groups of people were seen wending their way to the Cathedral, some stopping to admire the spacious building at the corner of St. Paul and Pearl Sts., others hurrying on in their eagerness to be present at the preliminary service in the Cathedral. It was the day of the dedication of the new Cathedral High School, and the Catholics of Burlington, proud that through their sacrifices the finest and best equipped building in New England had been established, hastened to assist at the ceremony of dedication.

The services in the Cathedral were short and impressive. The sermon was preached by the Right Reverend Daniel J. Feehan, Bishop of Fall River. His words were the expression of the plans and purposes of the Catholic Church in the work of education. He enlarged upon the sacrifices which the people of the Cathedral Parish had undergone for their schools and what they had a right to expect of the High School graduates in after life.

Following the ceremonies in the Cathedral, the procession, headed by the acolytes and consisting of the clergy and the Bishops attired in their clerical robes, made its way to the school. It was a beautiful liturgical pageant, as if some painting of the middle ages had suddenly come to life. The priests in their vestments of bright, harmonizing colors; the altar boys, clad in scarlet cassocks and white surplices; the Rt. Rev. Bishop in his resplendent robes of office: it was a scene which the imagination, however vivid, could not picture. Right Reverend Bishop Rice, after having blessed the exterior of the new structure, entered the building, where he blessed the crucifix, the emblem of all the Church's conquests, and with consecrated hands dedicated our school to the service of God and Man, of Church and State, Deo et Patriae.

When the doors of the school had been opened and the public admitted to inspect the interior of the building, many were the exclamations of wonder and admiration that burst from every lip, as, at every turn, some new wonder was unfolded. Dignity, distinction and character were revealed in the whole ensemble of the imposing structure as in every portion of its detail. From the auditorium and spacious halls to the club room and kitchenette, everything was done elaborately, and exceeded in the reality what our wildest hopes had looked forward to by anticipation.

But the most important day for us was that on which Cathedral High opened its doors to the first class. For, after all, the delights of high school life flow from

the memory of days that are past, and so now that the time our leave-taking approaches, we may, with pleasure, retrace our steps to the time in which, with awe and surprise, we entered the Cathedral High as students.

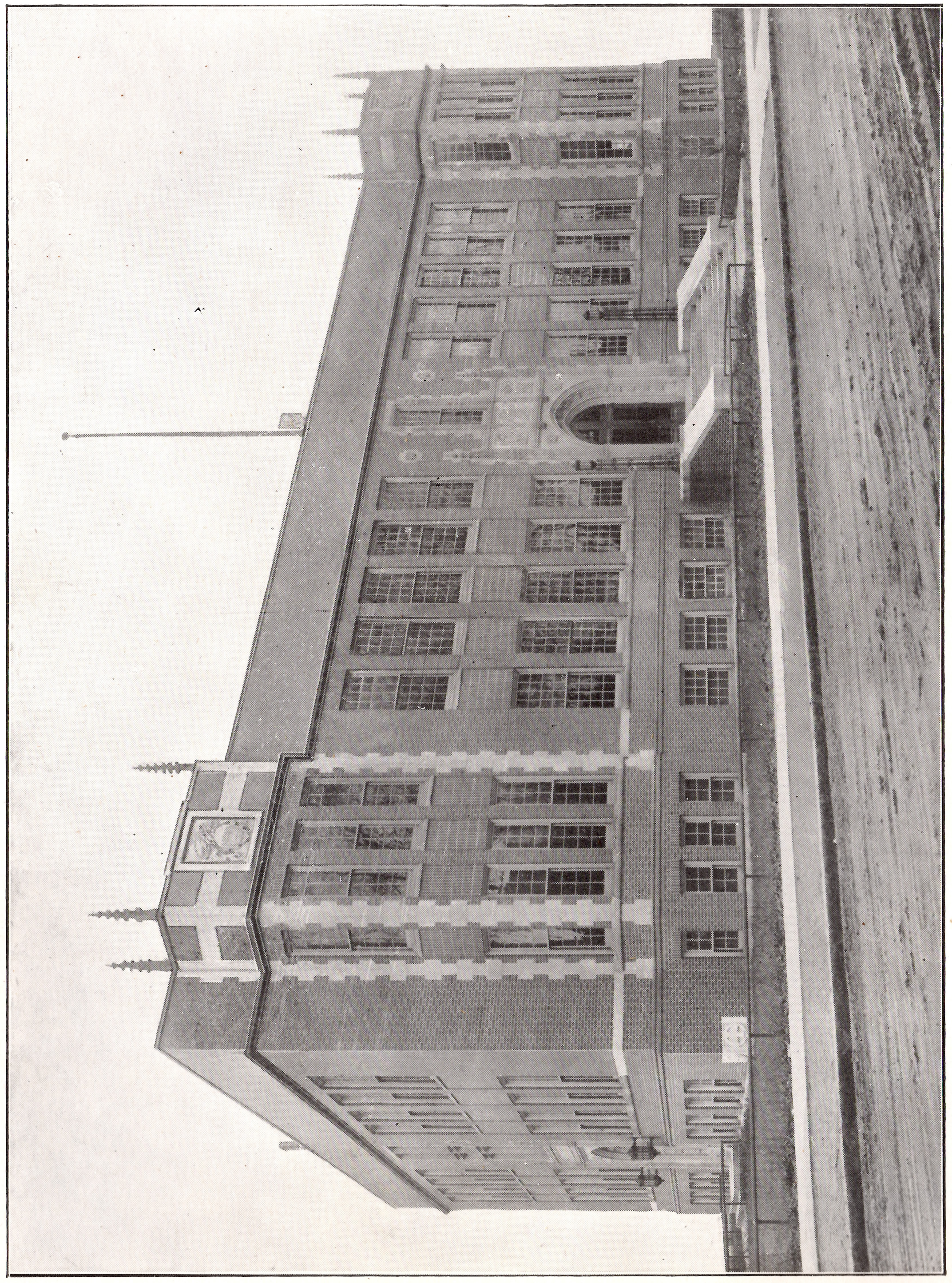
Ever since the building of a Catholic high school in Burlington was proposed, there were many who watched with ever-increasing concern and incredulity the outcome of the plan. Those who scoffed at first, have now begun to realize that Cathedral High has been a blessing, and that the ideals it holds up before its students and the principles it builds up in their lives are bringing forth future men and women who, like the building that trained them, will be dedicated to the work of serving honorably the cause of God and country.

Deo et Patriae! truly, the noblest purpose for which an institution could be founded. To lead the young along the holy path of Faith, to mould them in the saving teachings of religion, to make them honest and honorable citizens, Americans with hearts alive to the sublime ideals which inspired the founders of this great republic, this truly is a holy mission and one that cannot but be blessed of God.

The outsider who sees naught in this building but a mass of stone, brick and steel, an institution where young people spend their days at books, has no conception of what our High School seeks to accomplish. But we who are of the very soul of the school, upon whose hearts its noble motto has been emblazoned, we do not ignore, nor can we ever forget the part the High School has played in our lives, its lessons of culture and virtue, its exalted motives, and the high principle exemplified and reflected in the lives of its teachers.

Cathedral High School is now ready to send out its first graduates. Stamped with the mark of Alma Mater's approval, and equipped with the strong armor of her maxims and teachings, we are prepared to meet the future and its *magna caterva* of good and evil. After four years, she now trusts us to the storms of life and puts us forth on this "sea of troubles." Her trust we shall not betray, but with faith as the compass and virtue as the rudder, we shall bring our ships safely over the *syrtes* sands and through the "nine loud mouths of the raging sea waves," into the harbor where peace and sunshine dwell eternally.

FLORENCE M. CRONIN.



Foreword

We, the class of '21, who have worked with enthusiastic ardor to make this book worthy of its lofty name, now present THE TOWER, in the hope that it will faithfully reflect the events of four happy years within the walls of Cathedral High School.

That these pages offend in many things is small wonder, for they are the first feeble attempts of inexperienced pens. We hope that our modest claims will disarm all criticism and that our readers, instead of deriding our efforts, will enter into the spirit which has inspired us in undertaking the work.

And you, dear classmates, whose names appear upon these pages, lend wing to any displeasure, and let your sense of humor have free rein, remembering that at least once in a lifetime we must all "give and take."

Should mirth outweigh gravity in any department of this volume, be not hard upon us, for youth and joviality go hand in hand. And in future years, when locks are sprinkled with gray, and our school days have passed into the dim long-ago, may we long to come together again in spirit and linger over these pages, and renew the old friendships and happy experiences of the class of '21.

HAZEL M. RYAN.

"THE TOWER," 1921
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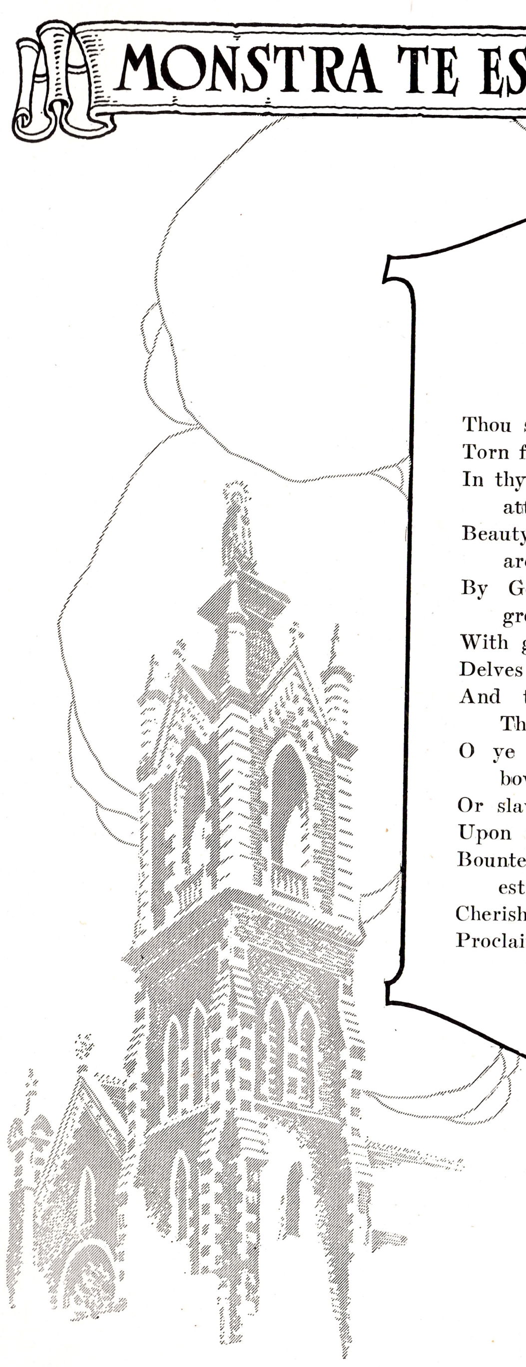


The Tower

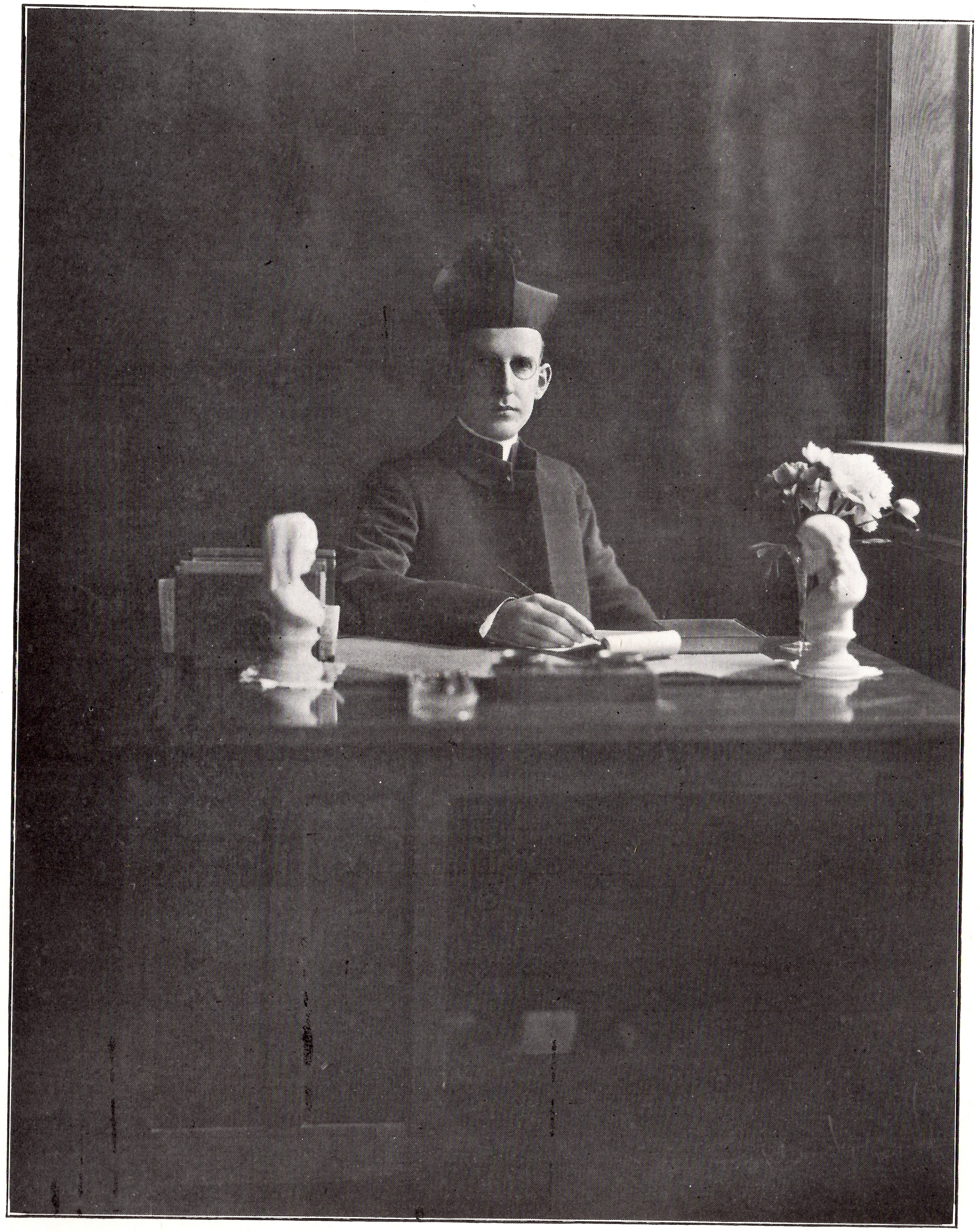
Thou sturdy Tower of beauteous stone,
Torn from the earth's unbleeding breast,
In thy mute might this truth doth thou
attest:
Beauty and strength deep in the earth
are sown
By God's own hand; Man, God-like
grown,
With genius kindled by a fire divine,
Delves deep into the cosmic mine,
And treasure-laden bows before the
Throne.
O ye that quest for wisdom in her
bower,
Or slavishly in Learning's temple wait
Upon the kings of thought to shower
Bounteous largesse from their high
estate,
Cherish for aye the lesson of this Tower
Proclaiming wisdom: Only God is Great.

Our Teachers

Through their training, we have progressed along the path of learning and virtue. Every day they came to their work with earnestness and zeal; they directed us, they inspired us, they edified us. God-like charity was the source of all the works they undertook in our behalf, and clothed as they were with the dignity of religious consecration, their authority was like the yoke that is sweet and the burden that is light.

Our gratitude goes forth to our beloved teachers for all they have done. We cannot repay them, but by our nobleness of character and constant adherence to truth and virtue, we hope to reflect credit upon their training and their efforts.

George W. Oliver.



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SISTER M. LORETTO

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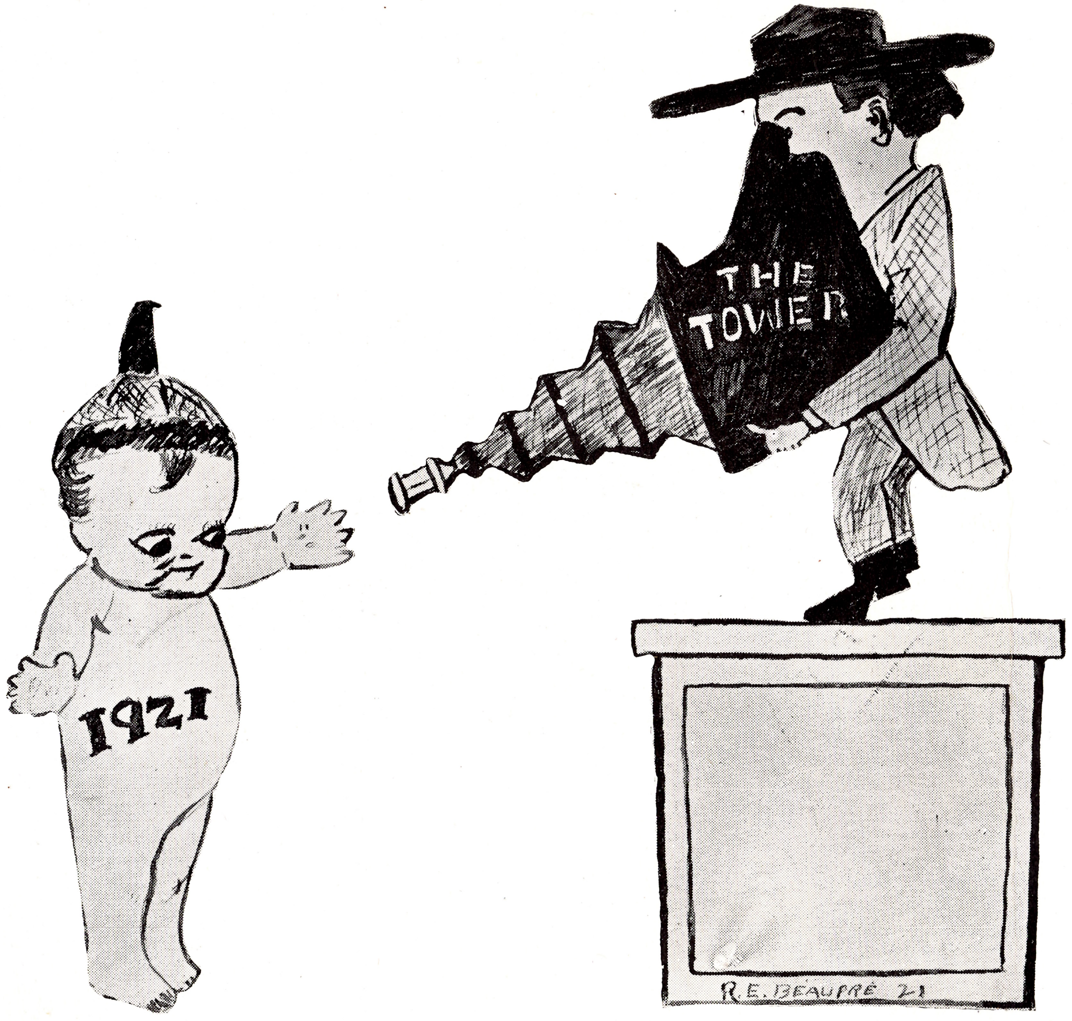

THE TOWER
1921
R.E. BEAUPRÉ '21

BOB. BEAUPRÉ '21
SENIOR

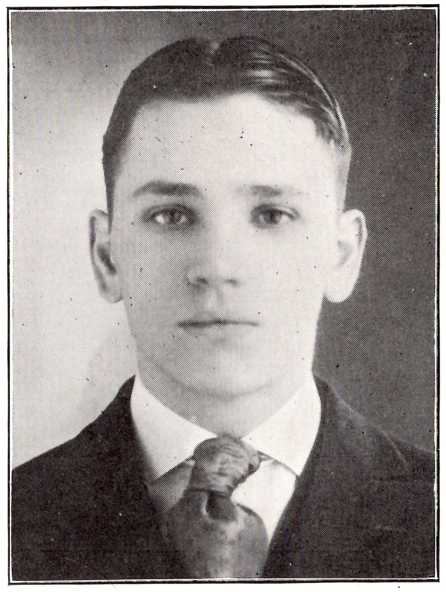
"Mike"

MICHAEL E. ALAFAT

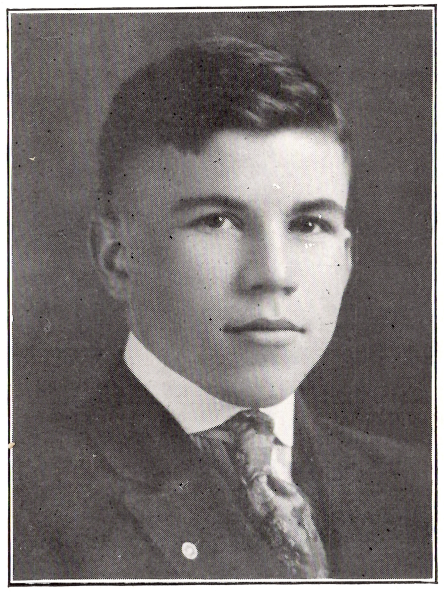
He is happy under any fate. He can say funny things at funerals, and when he translates Greek in class or when he is up for trial in the office. This swarthy youth has been a winner at C. H. S. Three championship cups should be handed to him for his services; one for consistency in skipping school; the second for unfailing good fellowship, and the third for his acrobatic performances at basketball games. Not the least of the "big five" is Mike, and, when standing on guard by the side of the equiponderant Tommy Brown, Cathedral rooters always feel the game is safe. Full many a time have we seen Michael, in a moment of unspeakable tenderness, fall upon the neck of a descending opponent; but, if there were tears, they were not of Mike's shedding. Underneath all that is rugged or playful in his makeup, there beats in that powerful frame a heart as big as a watermelon.

ROBERT E. BEAUPRE

Bob is the next subject for our microscopic scrutiny. In Sophomore class, (fellows are expected to do foolish things about that time), he blossomed forth as the class poet. Later on he gave up measuring his words in feet and handed them out by the yard. Such sesquipedalian verbosity was never heard of since Johnson drank his oceans of tea in the company of a distinguished gathering. Oh! Bob, how could you do it? His next step was in the rôle of a caricaturist. By this time he had his classmates and teachers almost scared to death. Think of having your likeness drawn by the most inhuman of artists. All the while Bob preserved the most dignified composure imaginable. He is a comedian, who never smiles, a philosopher who loves to dance, a business man who is always late. Oh! we admit we can't label him, and let him go at that. Bob was a decent baseball manager, however, and the players seldom kicked against his system of economy.



"Bope"



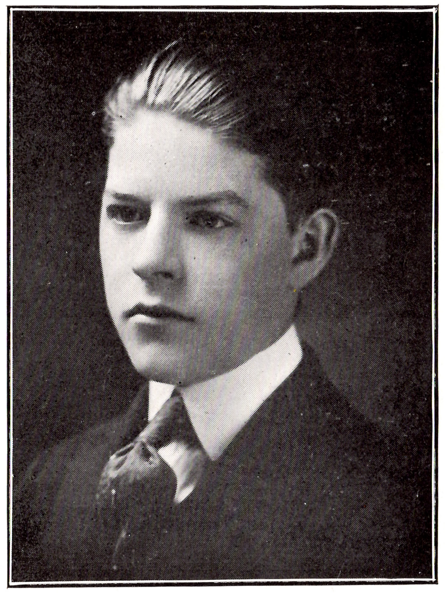
"Jimmy" "Steve" "Dinny"

JAMES F. BRODIE

Gifted with the enviable power of bubbling humor, Dinny was not long in laughing his way into the hearts of all his classmates. Intellectually, he has few superiors in the class room, but "conservation of energy" is one of Dinny's favorite principles, and so he has spared himself when others were wearing out under intense study. His hobby is journalism. As school reporter, he enjoyed the privilege of hanging around the High School until late at night, and this privilege never seemed so pleasing as when Mr. Bray objected to Dinny's presence in the Club Room. Whether from principle or prejudice, we cannot say, but Dinny has consistently ignored the weaker sex of the school. We do not find fault with this trait in his character; we only point it out with the N. B. that it may well be the shadow which coming events cast before them.

RAYMOND A. BROWN

Enters here, one Raymond Brown, the professional exponent of self-confidence. A youth of eighteen (more or less) summers, short, portly and unembarrassed; wears long hair and white socks; smokes Camels, except at meals; writes original articles, and some that are not original; a good student, who received many a hard knock, but was never knocked out. Raymond's future is hard to determine. He may and he may not. After all, we are not here concerned with the future. We've enjoyed him for four years, and he has "enjoyed" the school.



"Cheecock"

"Snooks" "Short" "Fat"

THOMAS HENRY BROWN

Back in the tender spring of our hero's life, he was making "hits" in a town now famous, called Rye Gate (suspicious name). And the child, sure enough, was father to the boy. Tommy (his intimates call him Harry) has been registering "hits" ever since. On the basketball floor, where he is a wall of "brass"; on the bleachers, where he sees Mike strike out; in the halls of learning, where he looks wise; Shorty is the same modest, retiring, unassuming youth. He has remarkable gifts and is a man of many parts. He has played the part of flower girl at a local theatre, and, when out of work, earns good money in singing his favorite vocal hit, "Sweet Adeline."

LORETTA H. CLOUGH

"A diller, a dollar, a very good scholar,
What makes you come so soon?
You used to come at nine o'clock,
But, now you come at noon."
Music by Mike Alafat.

At first, we wondered why Loretta was absent so often in the morning, but now we know. She has changed the A. M. for M. A. And, then—what happened then?

"Nurse"

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"Freckles"

MARION H. CORLEY

She blows into school at 9.15 sharp every morning. Her first rational act is talking, and this she consistently does until 4 P. M. Someone said her tongue was the best illustration of "perpetual motion" known to modern scientists. Whew! how she rattles! No regard for speed laws, or cops, or penalties; she just cuts loose and nothing short of apoplexy can stop her. But Marion has an inner life that is quite interesting. She has laid siege to many a brave young heart during the course of the last four years. Dundon had a narrow escape, and as for Cowley, he is now on the verge of surrendering. We advise all inexperienced youths to steer shy of Marion. They may enjoy her company, but 'tain't safe, boys, 'tain't safe. We know.

JOSEPH B. COWLEY

Joe does less work in more time than any student of the school. But Joe is not lazy, just idle. He finds his greatest enjoyment in doing the wrong thing at the right time. Still, if Joe ever brings his talents to market, he undoubtedly will be about to be destined to become (*fore ut, Potential*) a leader in his trade. Perhaps the outstanding trait in his make-up is his unerring judgment. In proof of this assertion, we need only state that Joe left Rutland to come to Burlington to school, that he accepted a lucrative position with the Peoples' Department Store, and that he seldom allows himself to be caught unprepared for recitation.

"Josephus"

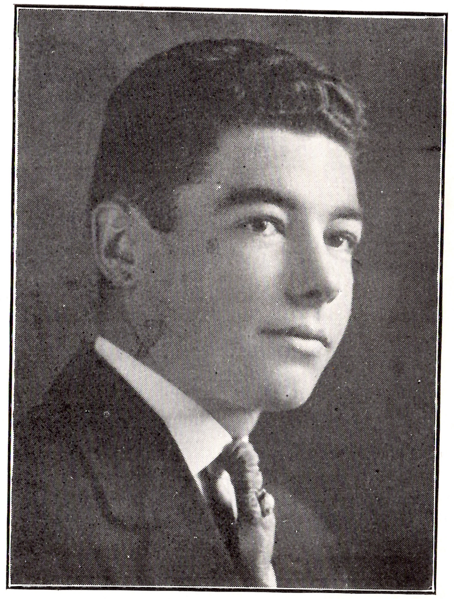
"Mill on the Floss"

FLORENCE M. CRONIN

She has the lightness, dignity, perfume, flavor, grace, fun of the delightful, young lady. All these attributes are so carefully concealed, that Florence is just the blushing maiden we so often read about. It is a curious thing, though, that no one can thoroughly keep track of this quiet little mouse. Whispering voices have told us things which have made our blood run cold. They say she has murderous designs, and, in fact, that she actually succeeded in inflicting a mortal wound on one of Burlington's best youths. Well! there's no accounting for women, anyway. And Florence possesses all the witchery of her sex. We dare not speak of her talents. She seems to be the darling of Cathedral audiences which she mesmerizes by her enchanting smile. Be it said, that she compels the respect and reverence of all her masculine friends.

HOWARD J. DELANEY

Howard has always insisted that studies should not interfere with athletics. For the first two years of High School, he succeeded in putting his theory into practice, but since entering the business department, his principles have not been compatible with the teacher's pedagogical system. Howard has been the star of all our athletic contests. We feel safe in praising him, because he is not at all subject to capital inflation. The hero of many a classic tournament, Howard has always preserved, as Beaupre would say, an imperturbable equipoise. What if he did chase butterflies for a season! He is an ideal boy, and has made a friend of every student in the school.



"Play Ball"

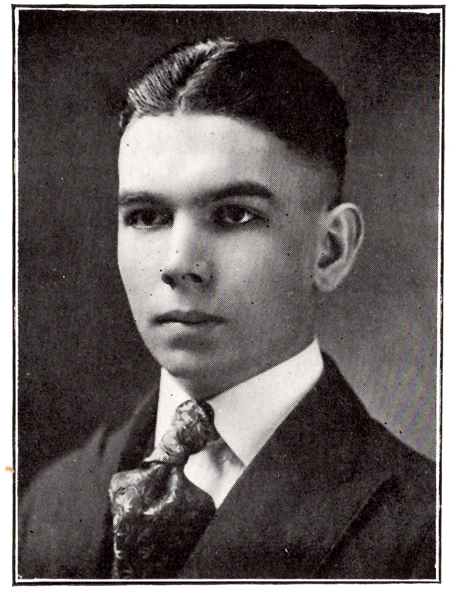
"Smiles"

MARJORIE C. DRAGON

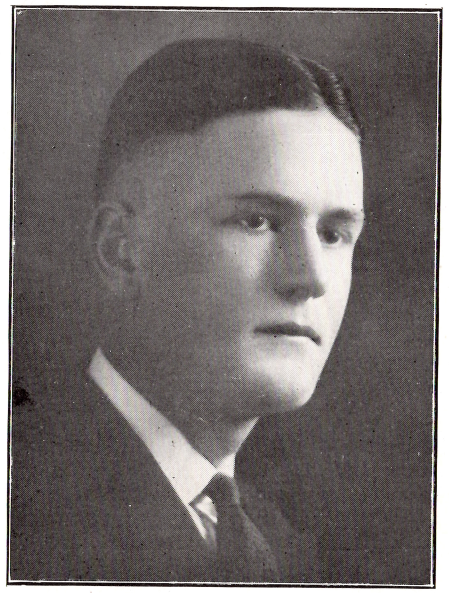
It is not her fault if she comes from Alburg. Not many girls could overcome such a handicap, but Marjorie has put many of our Queen City girls to shame. The business department of the High School is a pretty good trial for nerves, but Marjorie has stood the test. Her accomplishments, which are too numerous to mention, include the art of cooking and of blushing. She has never been reprimanded, except by Adah, for her conduct is above reproach. If she enters business life, her smile will bring a fortune to her employer. It is not every C. H. S. girl we care to recommend, but Marjorie has our unqualified approval. She will be a credit to her class and to the school.

HENRY B. DUNDON

"Give muh libertuh or give muh death." (Killum.) Our Patrick Henry, like most great men, was born and bred in a small village. Orwell may now sink back into sleep and contentment, for we believe it has done its share in giving to the country a great man. Whether in the hayfield or on the diamond, behind the megaphone or the footlights, Henry has always made the most of his abilities. Even the imperturbable Shakespeare has been ruffled by the plausible "as for me" of our Orwellian prodigy.



"Done"



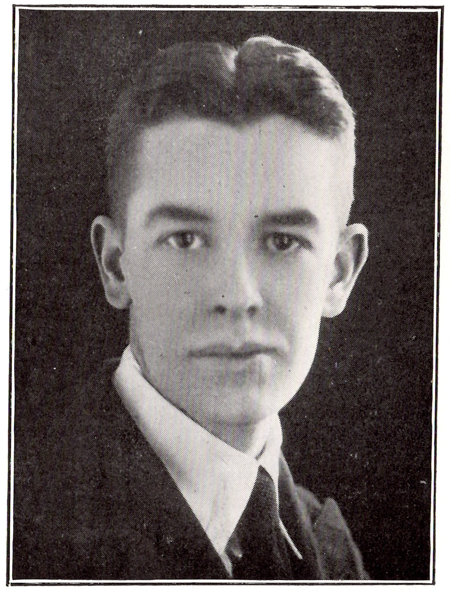
"Adonis"

FRANCIS P. FREE

Frank is the baby of the class. In view of his tender years, the school authorities have allowed him the privilege of a late sleep every Monday morning. No youth at High School has had it easier than Francis Patrick Free. We do not hesitate to say that, for genuine artistic idleness, he is the *primus* among all the *pares* of the class. We shall not presume to comment on Frank's record as an athlete. The ease and grace which he displays in the gym or on the diamond, have brought him fame throughout the State. There's no resisting his superb, sportsman-like bearing. Many a damsel has held her breath as Frankie glided down the floor on his way to the basket, but so far none of the fair ones have come in for the least share of his attentions. As our hero is young, we feel at liberty to advise him. Let him persuade himself that great things lie ahead of him, and then let him go after them.

RAYMOND J. FUGERE

He is the tall man of the class—six feet, two and a half inches, in his bare feet. When shoes were selling for $18 a pair, Ray was obliged to pay thirty bucks for his "special size." With his exceptional foothold on things, one would think that Raymond could remain stationary without effort. On the contrary, however, he is most fickle. He descended from the heights of classic literature to the flatness of commercial studies. At one time, he gave up school entirely, and we now hear that he is going to leave Burlington immediately after graduation. Raymond has always walked the narrow path. He is not boisterous, nor foolish, nor fresh. If his weak points were known to us, we would be glad to put them on exhibition. *Crescat!*



"Ray"

"Hornet"

ADAH B. HORNER

Zounds! What a temper! She breathes fire! When first she appeared at school and read her Declaration of Independence, the class surely did tremble. But, in the course of four years, we have grown to know this wee, little lady, and her fire-spitting no longer creates a panic. Indeed, Adah, like all good people, improves on acquaintance. She has ever been a reliable, untiring worker in the interest of the class and the school. We are especially grateful to her for her censures and strictures, which have helped to reduce the swelling of so many heads.

EURETTA R. HORNER

The only difference between Euretta and Adah is that the former wears glasses and the latter does not. If you scrap with one of them, you might as well prepare to scrap with the other, for the Horners believe in sticking up for each other. Euretta is the milder of the two, but don't go stepping on the tail of her coat. She is kindness itself, but kindness has limits, at least hers has. The class of '21 has always admired Euretta and her plucky spirit has made us all her friends. We wish her the best of luck, and she deserves it. N. B.: Euretta, if you get married, don't tear his eyes out the first time he makes you angry.

"Ret"

"Portia"

FLORENCE R. KELLEY

The Editors of The Tower have been waiting four years for the opportunity of writing this biography. Now that the moment has arrived, we feel overwhelmed by the task. Florence heard of the Cathedral High School, and "leaving all things," came away from New Jersey to join the ranks of '21. Bringing with her some of the New Jersey sea-breezes, she was not long in imparting their refreshing briskness to the students of C. H. S. She could hardly be described as a Victorian type, for she has all the traits of the twentieth century damsel, but her wholesomeness is apparent in all that she says and does. In politics, she is a Democrat of the most violent brand; in social circles, she is known as the whirlwind lady; and in student life, she might be cataloged "a good scout." If Flossie does not extract out of life all the fun there is in it, then we miss our guess. We are grateful to her for all her pranks; she has kept things going pretty lively at C. H. S.

MAUDE M. KELLEY

Maude is our only class bird. Unlike most feathered artists, she is extremely bashful, and sings only at home—in the cellar. On a few extraordinary occasions, she has lifted up her voice here in the school, and everybody was hypnotized. But Maude is more than a musician—she is a good student. The commercial department, that refuge of so many sinners, may well point to her, and say, "Ain't we a wonderful class?" Apart from what has been said, nothing is known of Maude. She leads a quiet, peaceful life, and nobody hears or sees her outside of school session.

"Gluck"

"Packey"

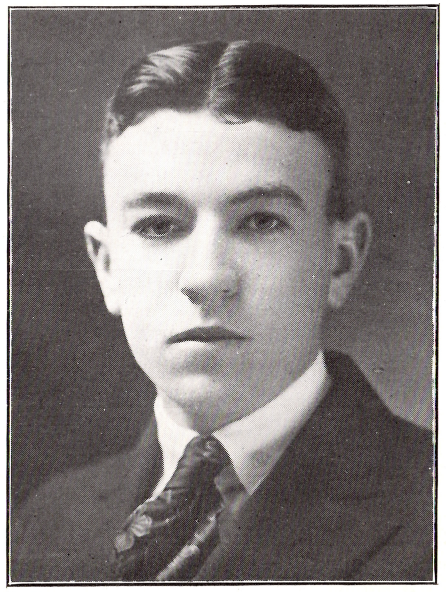
FRANCIS J. KENNEDY

Hail to the President of the Class! It would be interesting to give a detailed account of Packey's activities in the last four years. To see him hotfoot it through the Park to the firm of "Kamber, Frank and Bregstein," you would set him down as one of the young "efficiency Edgars" of Burlington's business world. But the only work he does at the Red 46 is to draw his check on Saturday nights. He owes his election as President to the strong Tammany vote, and to George Oliver's coaching. At class meetings, Packey's despotism employed the same unscrupulous methods and means that brought disaster to the dynasty of Mr. Wilhelm Hohenzollern. But Packey has a treasure of a vicious-president in Hazel Ryan, and when things became too hot for him, he feigned scarlet fever, and let his adjutant run the class in truly suffragette style. Still, Frank Kennedy is a man any high school would be proud of.

KATHLEEN C. LEARY

What we had originally written about Kathleen was suppressed by the censor. As a consequence, we are embarrassed to the highest degree, for we cannot paint our model as we would love to. Miss Leary's heart affairs are so notorious that they do not shock anyone in the least. Moreover, she has done no harm to our fellows, for her ambition is directed to college men. Of course, Kathleen will get over all this foolishness as soon as life's romantic misery opens its doors to receive her. She will be an excellent housewife, with a tendency to social enjoyments, and also with a propensity to be late in getting breakfast. The horoscope foretells many more interesting things, but we must spare her feelings.

"Mart"



"Skinny"

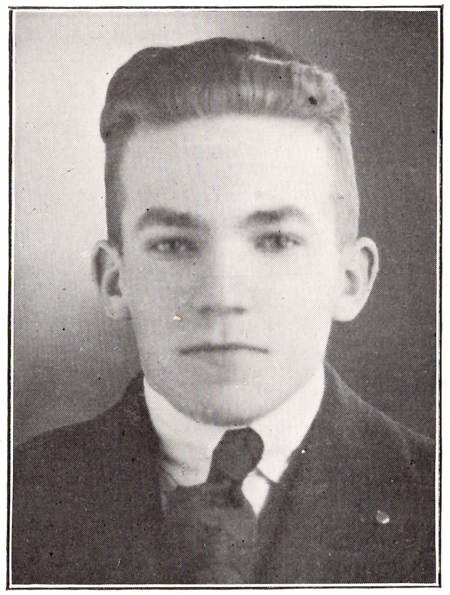
EDWARD F. LYNCH

Ed is one of the shining lights of the commercial class. More than once he has snatched the palm from the hands of the fair sex in Room F. He has also won fame in baseball, having been on the receiving line for Delaney for the last two years. Skinny has the respect of everyone of us, and we wish him the very best of luck.

A. FRANCES McKENZIE

Frances' specialties are smiling and "Trotting," and she can do both to perfection. But since her favorite "horse" ran away in Christian Doctrine class, she has been obliged to cancel her favorite sport from the curriculum. What Penny can't accomplish by smiling, she surely does by talking, and when these two beguiling arts work in combination, neither man nor beast can resist them, hence her name heads the advertising committee of The Tower. For a time we wondered if Frances had a temper, but one day we noticed the sparks and blue smoke issuing from her corner of the study hall; Frances had blown up. Did you ever notice that whenever our President had occasion to call a committee, Frances' name always headed the list? But, of course, that is no more than natural, since he could rely on her for everything. It is rumored that Frances' future is a bit "Hayesy," but that is doubtful, since a good-looking short stop and a compromising young business man are in the race.

"Penny"



"Grandpa"

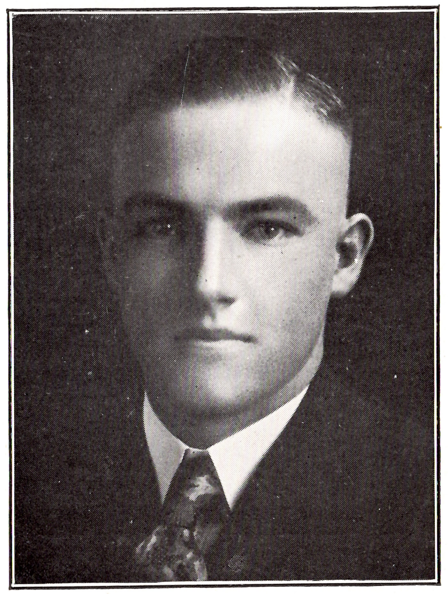
LEO S. MONNIERE

The silent one! Leo always seems to be "thinking thoughts." It is said he hopes to introduce an air-jitney service between Burlington and Shelburne. Well, one may expect the worst from a man who talks little. A devoted worshipper of Diana, our little man is a hunter of no small renown. Good gracious, Leo, let us "hear from you!"

PAULITA M. MURPHY

Polly is our class parrot. At rare intervals she pronounces a few appropriate words, and then looks demurely at the gang around her. Her chief occupation is thinking. In the library (she is the lady-in-waiting of the library) she is full of sisterly sympathy, and closes her eyes to many infractions of rules, except in the case of Wakefield—she will not stand any nonsense from him, but sends him off in the midst of his oration. She has a way of reminding you of your duty that makes you feel like crawling away out of sight. Popularity will seek her because she does her best to shun it. We recommend that she be kept at C. H. S. with the understanding that she administer a specific to all pupils suffering from swelling on the top story.

"Pol"



"Stubby"

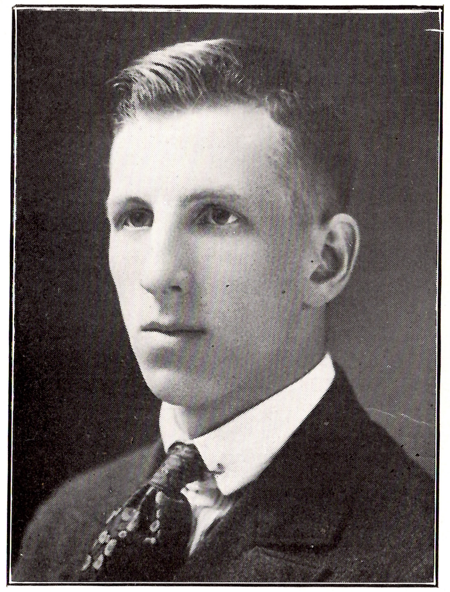
GEORGE W. OLIVER

Stub came to the Cathedral High after satisfying himself that it was the best place for the training of a great man. In the very first year, he darted into fame, fattening his batting average in the classics, and laying the foundation of senior honors. You see, George is an ambitious man. He is also a good runner, and we venture to prophesy that he will win in whatever race he enters. Stubby is a great admirer of the race of Israel, from whom he has learned the value of money. "You pay today, and I pay tomorrow," is the motto he lives by, but tomorrow never comes, and thus one never gets a chance to "let George do it." As business manager of THE TOWER, Stub has won the everlasting gratitude of all the merchants of Burlington.

BARBARA M. POLWORTH

The subject of this sketch is difficult to classify. The four years she spent with us were years filled to overflowing for Barbara. She began by specializing in athletics, and soon became the best basketball player of the female variety in the school. After the disappearance of the bloomer, Barbara turned her attention to study. As a consequence, she is one of the wizards of the commercial department. At intervals she has kept company with Andrew Neary, and another gentleman whose name we shall not mention. She is an expert cook, and though she prepared all those feeds which the basketball team and their opponents enjoyed, they say she could never bear to be present when the boys were at the table. Her social activities have won for her an enviable recognition among the student body at C. H. S. Good luck to you, Barbara! You are the kind of girl that does not have to stoop to conquer.

"Bud"



"Mystery"

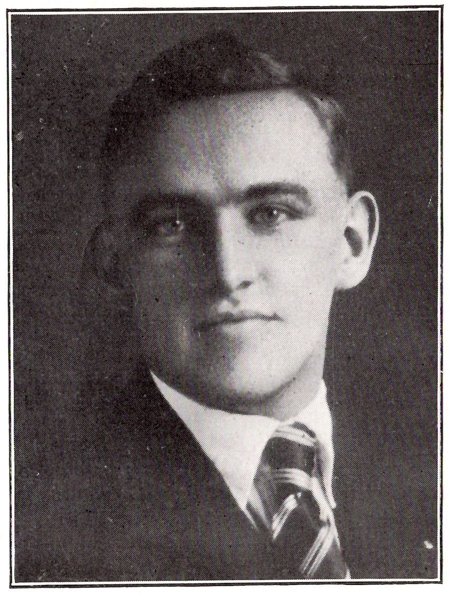
FREDERICK H. RUSSELL

He is an odd fellow. Every class has a right to one eccentricity, and Freddy is our portion. He is a genius in everything but study. He can draw, paint, print, make watches, run an electric car, manage a paper, and keep his mouth shut. His chief claim to greatness at school lies in the founding and editing of the *"Orangeade,"* a magazine published for the express purpose of capturing all goats that are found at large among the classical and Latin students. Should this publication prosper, the future students of C. H. S. should pay Fred an annuity, for he spent much valuable time in landing its first numbers upon the tempestuous seas of school life.

HAZEL M. RYAN

She has a patron saint, and his name is Freddy. Speaking of religion, Hazel is the honored one whose auricular appendage, we mean that "hanging ornament and handsome volute to the human capital," received the professorial touch during the Christian Doctrine class. Hazel has been disposed to harmony ever since. But that is neither here nor there. Hazel is a brilliant child, though her talents, which are many, are revealed only to the privileged few. She enjoys many an "interior laugh" over the foibles of teachers and pupils, and her wit is of the sort that made the Irish famous. Honors in physical culture class.

"Vicious"



"Skip" "Tax Collector"

EDWARD H. SILLIMAN

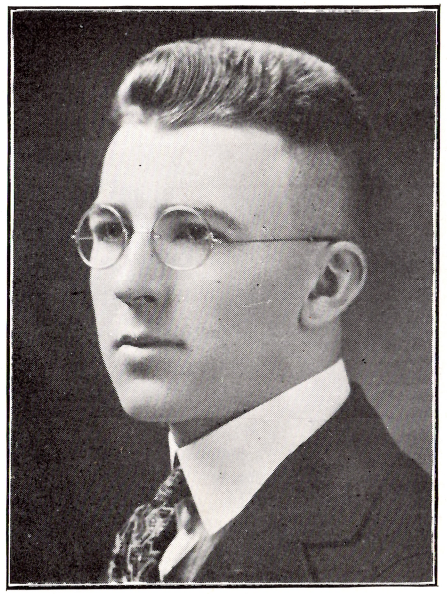
"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mix'd in him, that nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

We are not the first to quote Antony's famous words, but we doubt if a more literal application could be made of them to the noble Romans of any high school than to the one we have now in mind. Skip is deservedly popular. What we say of him here will appear very meagre to those who know him. But we do say that he is worthy of the highest praise that others may bestow on him. He wears well, for his colors are fast, and he does not fade. We regret that his genial smile cannot follow us in the dark days which are ahead.

CHARLES E. STANNARD

"A hidden treasure discovered in senior year," is the best definition we can give of Charles. Great virtues lurk within the gentle, calm exterior of this little man. Those who have seen him perform at basketball games, have been satisfied that he is made of enduring stuff. Charlie speaks only when it is necessary, and and then he presses thought into the fewest words possible. His record in school is written in letters of gold. He and Skip control the votes of all sections of the city south of Pearl Street. They have a mighty following among basketball fans.

"Charley"



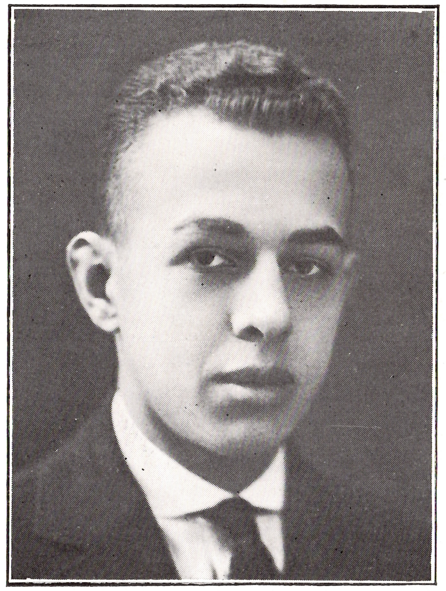
"Shakespeare"

FREDERICK W. WAKEFIELD

The man we now introduce is more widely known at C. H. S. than any of the faculty. Looming breezily upon our school life, Freddy has kept swelling out his genial chest until he has almost become one of the most distinguished figures of the class of '21. First of all, Freddy has a theory of life, and that, according to Long's "History of Literature," is the first essential requisite to greatness. He (Fred) believes that what one lacks in money can be supplemented by nerve; that when the laugh is against you, you should join in the sport; that there is no more dangerous fallacy than the belief that labor is essential to success. Yet, Fred has a devouring ambition. He aims at being a lawyer or politician. He has had many opportunities of developing his power of speech, and, "to give the devil his due," he has made the most of them. We forgive him any annoyance he may have caused us.

JOHN B. WHITE

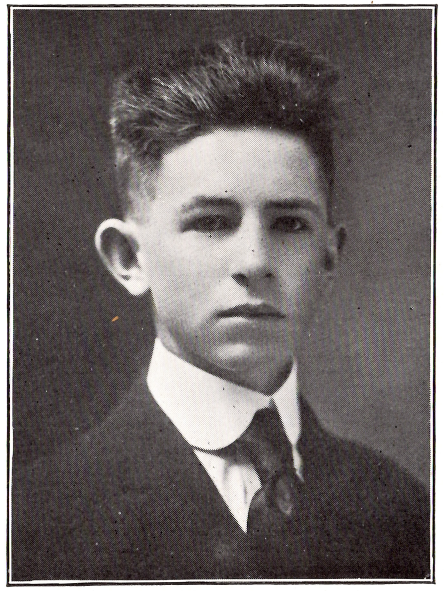
John is no better than the rest of us, though many on the outside think he is. That's the trouble: he is not known. For instance, he is anything but white, he travels much faster (in an auto) than one should who bears the name Berchmans, and he smokes. For all that, John is a good boy at heart. His association with Tommy Brown is one of the mysteries of high school life. Of course, John does not go around raving about Adeline or Angeline or Dandeline, but he is gallant and can trip the fantastic toe with more grace than most of us. And he can play the fiddle, though his repertoire of selections contains more of jazz than of the classic. He is an accomplished youth, but what he accomplishes we are not in a position to reveal.



"Nig"

PETER FRANCIS WILSON

Wilson is a man of peace (had nothing to do with the Versailles Conference). In all these years, his placid countenance and winning smile have lightened the cares of his classmates and made them feel that "they were greater than their petty lives." Honors have sought Frank, and found him a modest recipient. As school reporter, editor-in-chief of THE TOWER, basketball official, or assistant librarian (between the hours of four and five), Prof has always shown the same "unruffled steadfastness," and by his serene character succeeded in silencing envious tongues. *Gloriosa dicta sunt de te!*



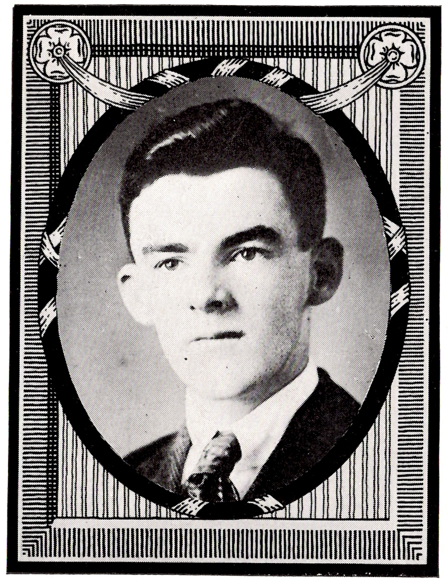
"Prof"

Those Who Have Left Us

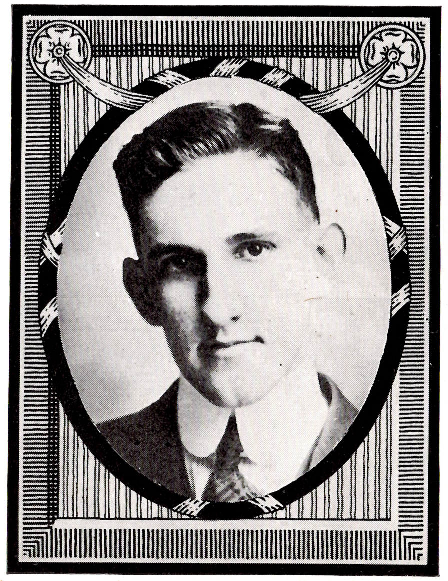
Our former classmates, who, though called from the ranks by death, circumstance, or necessity, still live in the memory of the class of '21. Three of them have passed on through eternal portals to the great commencement of Life Immortal; others prematurely called to enter the lists have begun the struggle of life; many unable to keep step in our regimental march, have tarried with us but little.

In closing the records of these pages, we turn with loving remembrance to those who have been for some time the companions of our journey through school. May they share in the future honors of the class of '21, and may they enjoy with us the happiness of living over again the days spent at Cathedral High!

RAYMOND A. BROWN.



CHARLES KEITH, R. I. P.



LEONARD McGRATH, R. I. P.

CHS THE 1921 TOWER CHS

MARION NARDINI, R. I. P.

In Memory of Marion Nardini

She is only a rose, but, ah, how sweet!
  As she blooms in the garden of life,
Close by the pathway of human feet,
  In a world of toil and strife.
And her sweetness she gives to each passer-by
  Till the summer has fled and the rose must die.
She is only a rose but her radiant soul
  Blooms in a world above
Where nothing is known of toil or strife
  For it is a world of love.
And each new day, 'neath a sun-kissed sky,
  May she gladden the hearts of the passer-by.
She is only a rose, but many the heart
  She has cheered on its weary way,
When the clouds hung low and the skies grew dark,
  With the gloom of earth's fading day.
But again she blooms, in the World most high,
  For her soul is the rose that can never die!

FREDERICK H. RUSSELL.

JUNIORS

CHS THE 1921 TOWER CHS

Junior Editorial

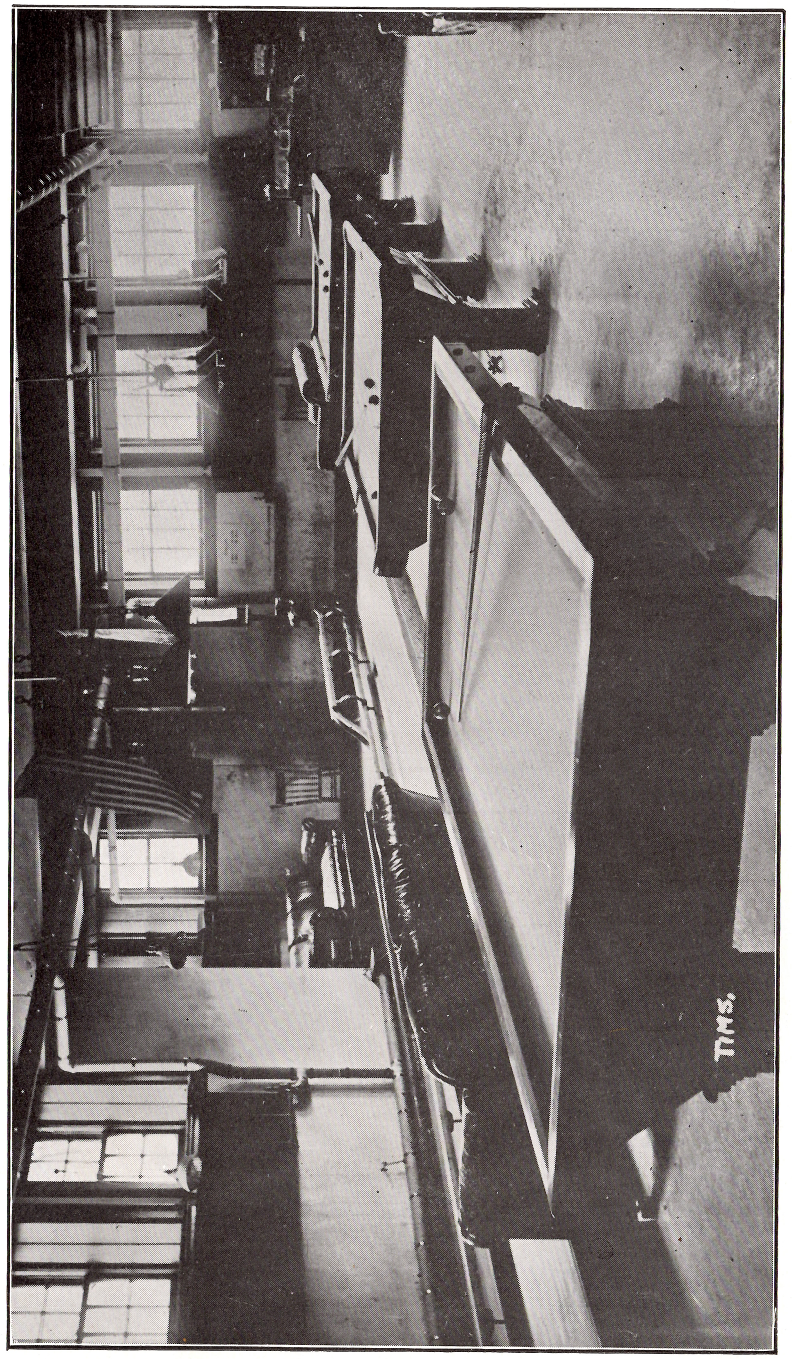
As meek, submissive Freshmen we entered the portals of Cathedral High in quest of knowledge. The imposing edifice, the novelty of the life opening up before us, awed us; but, alas! very soon did the novelty lose its glamour, and the meekness vanish, and we assumed that audacity so characteristic of Freshmen. Not until the training of our Freshman days had become a thing of the past, did we understand that our audacity was most unbecoming, and our vaunted knowledge extremely, embarrassingly limited.

Our Sophomore year was marked by the painstaking, persevering attention we gave to our studies. Virtue is said to be its own reward; therefore, we applied this maxim to our one year of "hard labor," and felt fully recompensed in the results we achieved.

Not till our third year, however, did memorable events begin to take place. At the opening of the present term, we elected class officers, and though we held but one class meeting, we demonstrated by giving all our attention in that one meeting to matters financial that we were of a "practical bent." The necessity of paying regularly the small weekly tax of one-tenth of one dollar was impressed on us by the President; and the reason given for this extravagance was, that one and all might share alike the benefits, privileges, and opportunities of the class. As usual, the presiding officer was not very specific, and we are still left in blissful ignorance of what these precious advantages may be.

It has been said that we lack in too great a degree the animation of youthful hearts, and enter with too little enthusiasm into the fun and diversion of our school fellows. To these critics, we would venture to reply that we would not for the world outshine our Seniors, and that we expect the Junior classes to observe the same conservative tactics when we step into the limelight of graduation year. It is true we have not developed to any great extent along the lines of physical prowess; our abilities lie in the field of intellectual pursuits. We fully realize that such propensities as ours are not common in schools of today, but we are willing to be original, and for that at least, we have a right to commendation. As for the rest, we suspend judgment until the day in which teachers will as usual speak of us as the "wonderful class of '22."

MARY DWYER.



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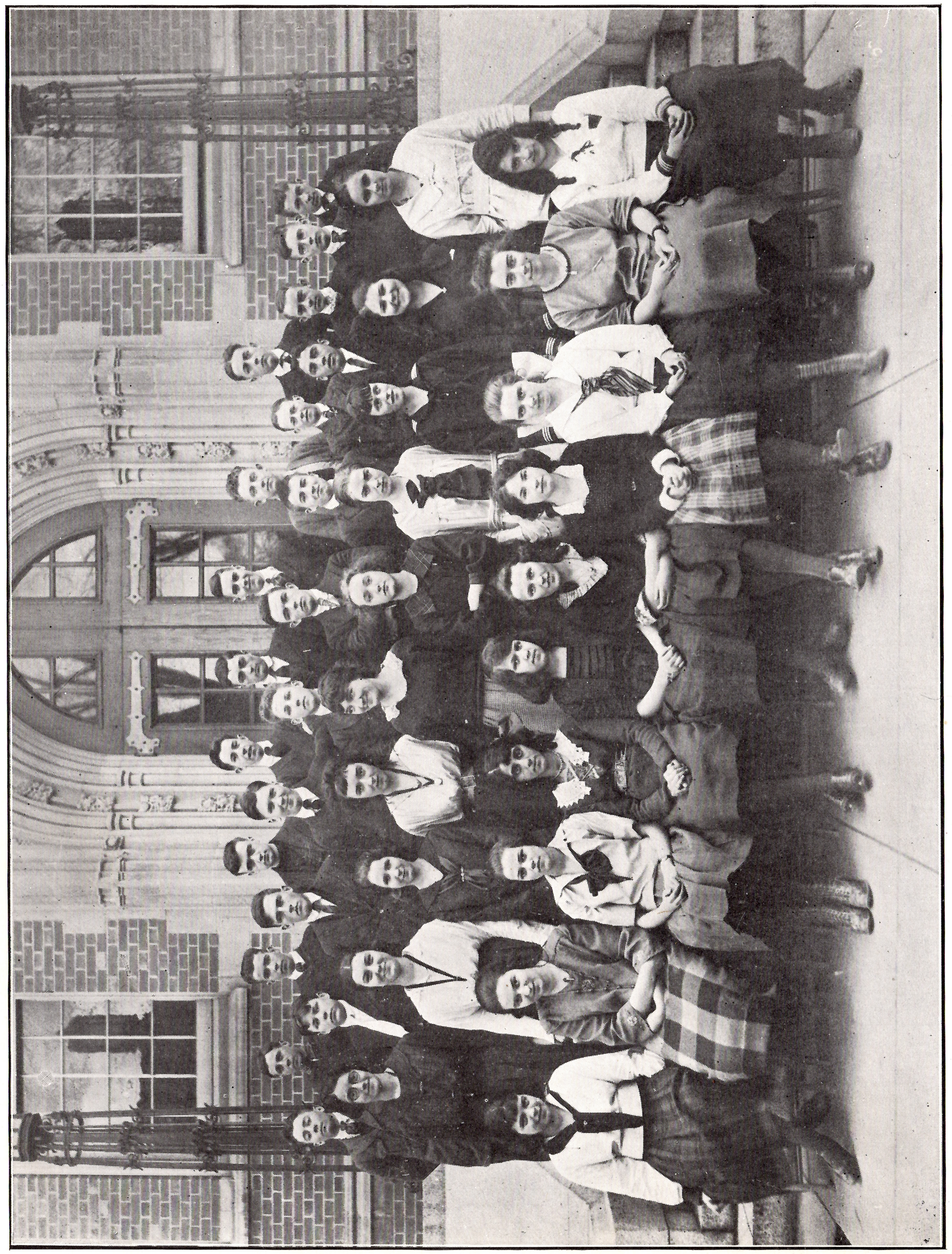
Juniors

Katherine Burke
Raymond Chausse
Donald Crosby
Helen Doyle
Mary Dwyer
Leo Knox
Paul Lawrence
Isabelle McAuliffe
John McGaughan
Evelyn Magner
Robert Malaney
Alice Mitiguy
Edmund Mitiguy
Mary Moran
Marion O'Brien
Anna O'Sullivan
Herman Polworth
Margaret Pratt
Cecil Robarge
Donald Ryan
Benigna St. John
Carmelita St. John
Leo Simays
Josephine Smith
Beryl Stark
Alice Wright



SOPHOMORES

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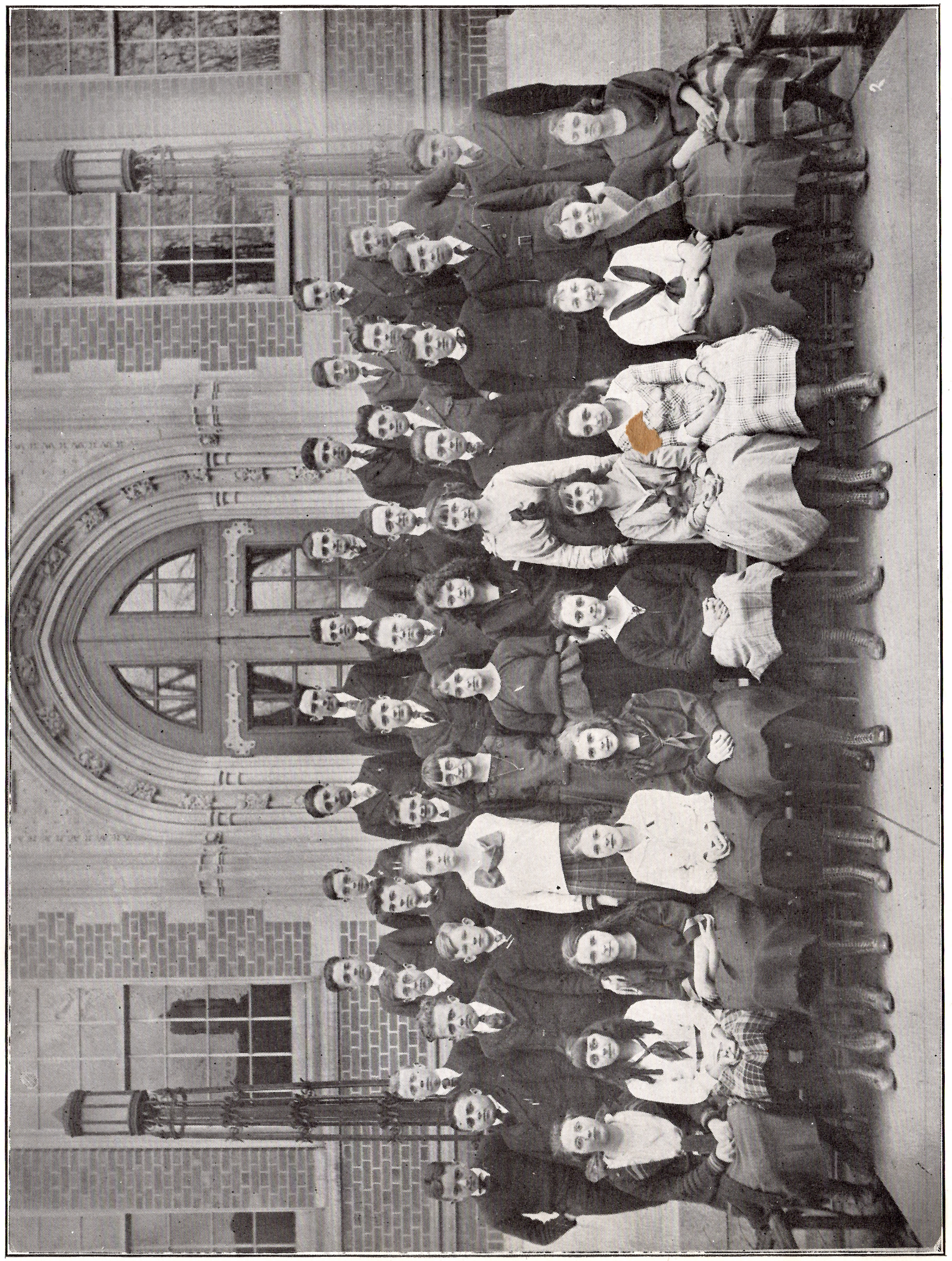
Sophomores

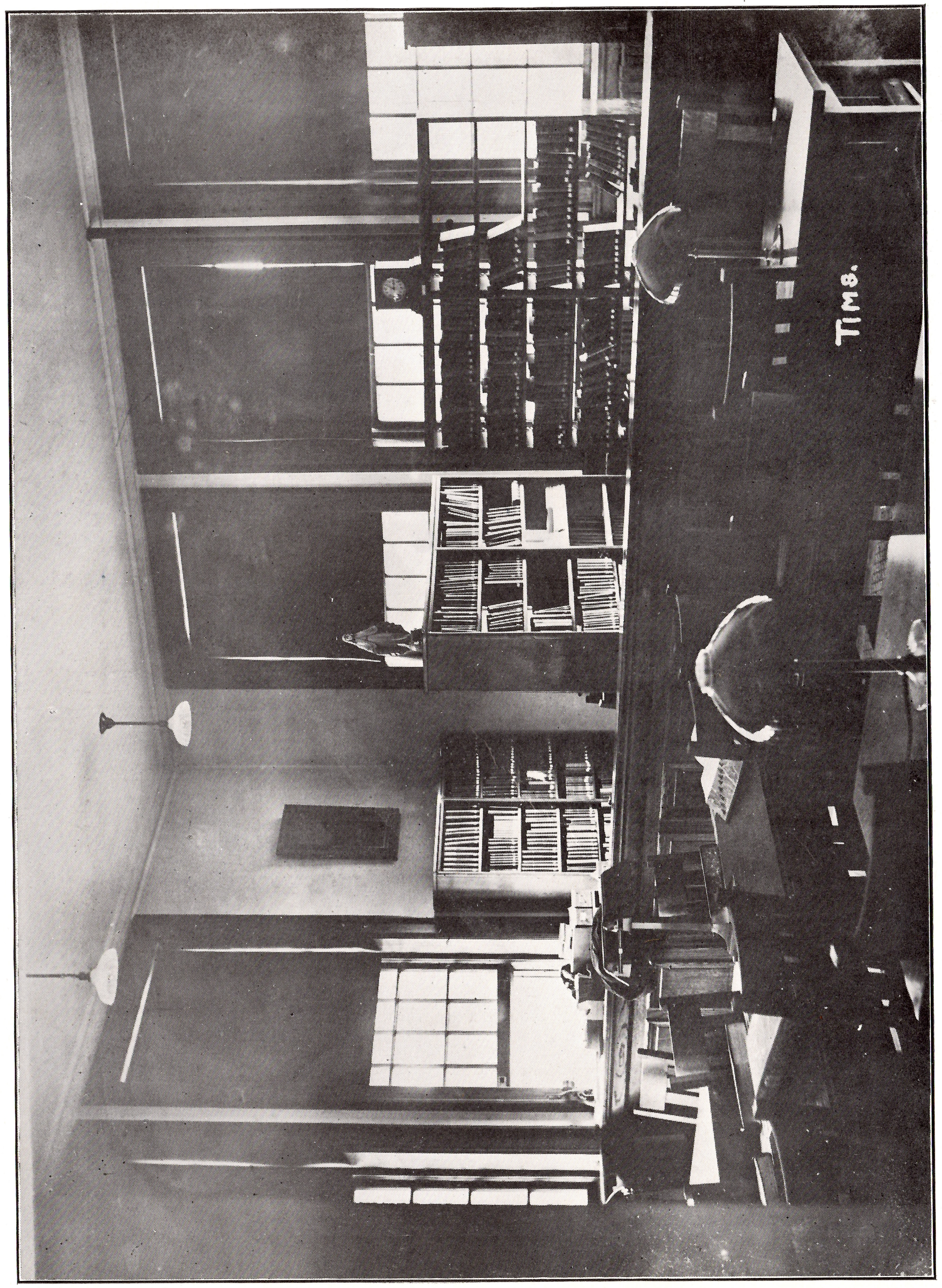
Mary Alafat
Arthur Allen
Stella Allen
Joseph Barry
Kenneth Bero
Robert Blondin
Clyde Boisselle
Paul Brown
Elizabeth Carpenter
Leo Casey
Edward Cassell
Joseph Clay
Raymond Conlon
Gerald Daley
Marie Daley
Eugene Desautels
Theresa Dillon
Helen Dullahan
Francis Duncan
Paul Fennell
Reginal Fennell
Nora Flynn
Frances Gadue
Elizabeth Gagen
Loretta Gelinas
Jeanne Gervais
Gertrude Goyette
Richard Ireland
Leo Kennedy
Leahy Lefebvre
Joseph McGee
Arthur Mitiguy
Florence Moran
Grace Murphy
Edward Murphy
John O'Connor
Mary O'Holleran
Mary Oliver
Louis Perotta
Edward Shea
Tillie Silliman
Catherine Stark
Pauline Sullivan
Margaret Valiquette



FRESHMEN

Freshmen

Gerald Anderson
Mary Archambault
William Bouchard
Mark Brannon
Thelma Browe
Harry Brown
Alice Burke
Genevieve Burke
James Burke
Arthur Carroll
Francis Casey
Egbert Cassidy
Leo Charron
Eugene Chastenay
Harriette Clay
Marguerite DeLoria
Clara Dougherty
Bessie Dragon
Alfred Gassette
Harold Gee
James George
Peter George
Edwin Goyette
Worthington Hazen
Joseph Hebert
Sheldon Jacobs
Lucille Joachim
Charlotte Lafayette
Lena Lepage
Alice Lynch
Frederick Lynch
Agnes McElroy
Marion McGovern
Dorothy McGowan
Howard McGuire
Marion McLaughlin
Raymond O'Connor
Joseph Perotta
Arthur Poissant
Howard Ryan
Maurice Shequin
Augustus Stannard
Charles Sullivan
Clarence Tully
Cyrille Verret
Arthur Viens



THE LIBRARY

"The Spirit of '21"

"It is the spirit that quickeneth: the flesh profiteth nothing." With all the reverence due the sacred text of scripture, I take the liberty of applying these words to the paper I have the honor of reading.

To those who pursue the study of words, I leave the task of discussing and determining the origin or native and acquired meaning of the term "spirit." It is sufficient for our purpose in this essay to state that what the soul is in man, the spirit is in a nation, an institution, a class. 'Twas the "spirit of '76" that fanned into flame that "fierce blaze of liberty" which has since burnt out nearly every vestige of tyranny and oppression. The indomitable spirit of the Irish has for centuries of conscienceless invasion kept at bay the most powerful of antagonists. Like the grit of its gray granite, is the spirit that has made Vermont the home of endurance and fidelity.

And what spirit is in this widest and most general application, it is, also, when restricted to the limits of a group or class. A city, a school, a class has its spirit, its own distinctive character, its personality. Nor are we, the class of '21, the exception to the rule. We also have a spirit all our own. We do not boast of it, but it will not savor of exaggeration, I am certain, to declare that underneath all that may be foolish or unwise in us, underneath all that is selfish or hateful, there is a distinctiveness about the class of "1921" which is good and wholesome. To say that we are typically representative of the ideals of the school would be presumption, for we are but the first fruits of a training which shall become more thorough and perfect as the years go by. And as it takes time to produce something that is really good, we are satisfied in having been the first to infuse into the ranks of the students, the excellent spirit which now prevails, and will, in the future, become more intense.

The privilege of comparing ourselves with others could never be ours. From the moment we entered the school we were Seniors. Upon us fell the burden of always setting the example to others. Traditions did not exist; we made them. Student spirit was still unborn; we gave it being. And with the advent of the succeeding classes, our importance increased with our difficulties. It is only natural that much should be expected of us, the school's first graduates. And we gave what we could in application, in enthusiasm, in loyalty, to the school; not the bountiful returns, perhaps, that our manifold opportunities should warrant, but a fair measure for high school students taken as they are and not as they ought to be.

To descend from generalities into details, we, the class of '21, claim for ourselves the glory of all the good qualities of the undergraduates. In fact, we have been so anxious in looking to the good behavior of others that oftentimes we

have been careless of our own conduct. We always pointed the highway to others, even if sometimes we forgot to take it ourselves. Our shortcomings were never published, for we would not have them think ill of their Seniors. If we, on occasions, posed before them, it was not pride, but excess of zeal for their edification that forced upon us the rôle of impostors. We were devoted to their improvement, and we hope that they will speak us fair when the light of our good example is extinguished.

The school we have always loved. Jealous of its honor and its record, we have never wantonly compromised its interests. When the clouds were dark in the classroom or on the brows of teachers, we kept smiling and hoping that a better day would dawn. We had to fight bravely in our day. We, too, have known what it is to do all that man can do, and to bear all that man must bear; and it was not in the hour of trial that we kicked against the goad or lost hold of the spirit that quickens and trains.

By traits, therefore, too numerous to mention, by our unfailing good humor, our unbounded confidence in ourselves as individuals and as a class, by our constant allegiance to the school and chiefly by those minor bits of conduct which, according to Wordsworth, constitute the—

> "Best portion of a good man's life,
> His little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love."

We feel that we have shown the spirit that schools as well as men are made of.

While there may have been occasions when the neglect of multiform points of school behavior rendered us amenable to the exercise of disciplinary pressure, these were always fine points which, as a rule, do not conflict with the greater requisites of school spirit.

Under the most auspicious auguries, therefore, the class of "1922" approaches, thanks to us, its Senior year. And we venture to say, that if past performances are any criterion of future achievements, the future graduates will also pass into history unsurpassed in scholarship, in gentle behavior, and in the indomitable spirit that makes for assured success.

Barbara M. Polworth.

Athletics

It is needless to remark that athletics are an essential factor in education. The old adage, *Mens sana in corpore sano,* has been more than justified by the experience of the ages. Men are not pure intellect; they are compounded of body and soul, and while the spiritual element in man must be safeguarded, the development of his body must not be overlooked.

The benefits of athletics are so apparent that the Cathedral School authorities deem it necessary to provide within the school every means of facilitating physical training among the students. With the finest high school gym in the State, under the direction of experienced physical instructors and coaches, it is not surprising that in the very first year of its majority the C. H. S. boys have won as great fame as can come to the average high school athlete.

Our record in the past four years has been an enviable one. We have seen our various teams grow in training and skill until they reached the high standard of efficiency they possess today. The public has not been slow to recognize and encourage our efforts. Whenever the Cathedral High athletes have engaged in conflict, they were always confident in the generous support of their home people. And ever in the outside towns where local interest and pride are very intense, the C. H. S. boys have never been denied the courtesies and consideration which people will always accord to the manly player.

It is this manly spirit, this self-reliance, this prompt obedience to and respect for authority that the Cathedral High Athletic instructors have always tried to inculcate among the boys. And by their compliance with these rules of moral as well as physical training the boys themselves have succeeded in gaining their many victories, and winning their way into the hearts of all lovers of clean, manly sport.

James F. Brodie.

THE STATE CHAMPIONS

CHS THE 1921 TOWER CHS

Basketball

"It must, of course, be considered that Cathedral is a young school, and after a few years will learn."

With these famous words, the correspondent of the Winooski High School took leave of our Basketball Braves after they had forfeited the first and only game played across the river. But this naughty speech was also prophetic. We *have* learned (considerably more than our rivals anticipated), for the State Championship is now our coveted possession, while Winooski is a thing of the past.

For a school to achieve such results in the fourth year of its existence, is a feat of which we have every right to be proud. But Rome was not built in a day, nor did the Cathedral team arrive at its present state of efficient playing in a single season. Good will and hard work on the part of the players themselves, coupled with expert coaching and enthusiastic support on the part of the public, have made the C. H. S. basketball five the unbeatable machine it was this year.

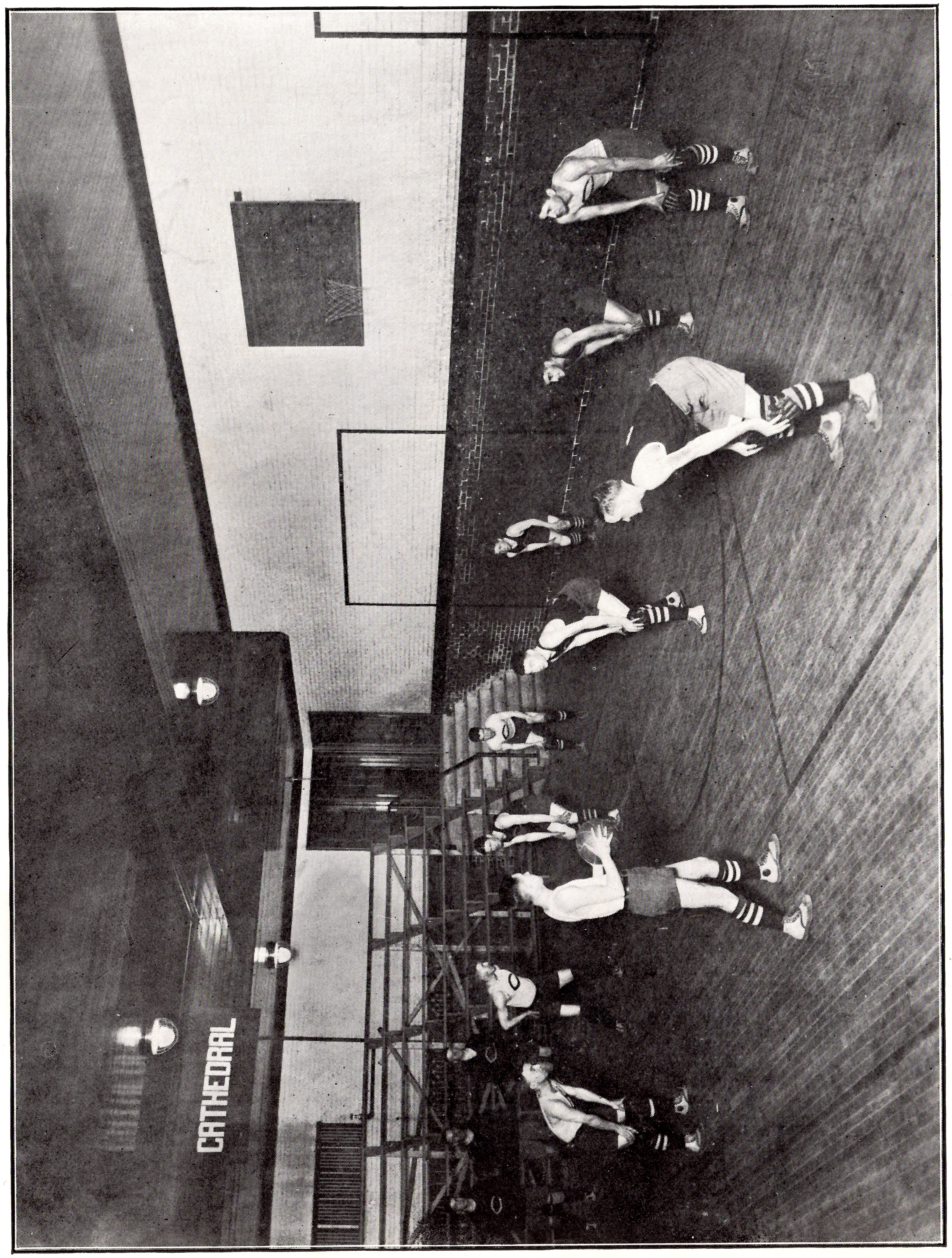
Our Freshman games were tame affairs. A few students, under the direction of Rev. Father Barry, formed a Junior Holy Name team, and in a very humble way introduced basketball into the Cathedral High School.

The following year, sturdy and steady players were hatched out of the little Freshman nest. Doc Lawlor came into our school life, and under his persistent and systematic training the boys learned not only the rudiments, but many technicalities of play. Basketball, even then, had become a major sport at C. H. S. We were young, and raw, and green, but we, none the less, matched our skill against superior teams, and when victory came our way there was joy in the camp.

The 1920 season was ushered in by many hard-earned victories. Coach Lawlor was evidently getting the "big five" ready for state honors. The season's record, though marred by two bitter defeats at the hands of B. H. S., was most successful. Burlington fans were interested in us; out of town high schools were anxious to meet with us; and the team began to show the effects of "Pete" Lawlor's superior training.

Senior year came at last. We made a bid for the championship from the start. Coach Hammond was entrusted with the training of the best high school material in the State. Delaney, Alafat, Brown, Free and Silliman were the "big five," but around these stellar performers revolved many satellites of great promise. Stannard and Wakefield were always first team men. We were the first to inaugurate the season and the last to see its close. Only the big high schools were chosen for opponents, and they all fell before the superior playing of our men. Burlington High was no exception, for it accepted two decisive defeats and acknowledged us champions of the State. With eighteen out of nineteen games to our credit, we feel that the men of '21 have made a record which will stand the strain of competition for many a year. It is true, we had our "Glens Falls," but "there were giants in those days," and the Cathedral boys bowed, but did not bend to the men of Suffolk. Whatever be the successes of C. H. S. in the years to come, we shall always count 1921 one of the most brilliant in the basketball annals of the school.

P. Francis Wilson.



THE TEAM IN ACTION

CHS THE 1921 TOWER CHS

Record of 1921

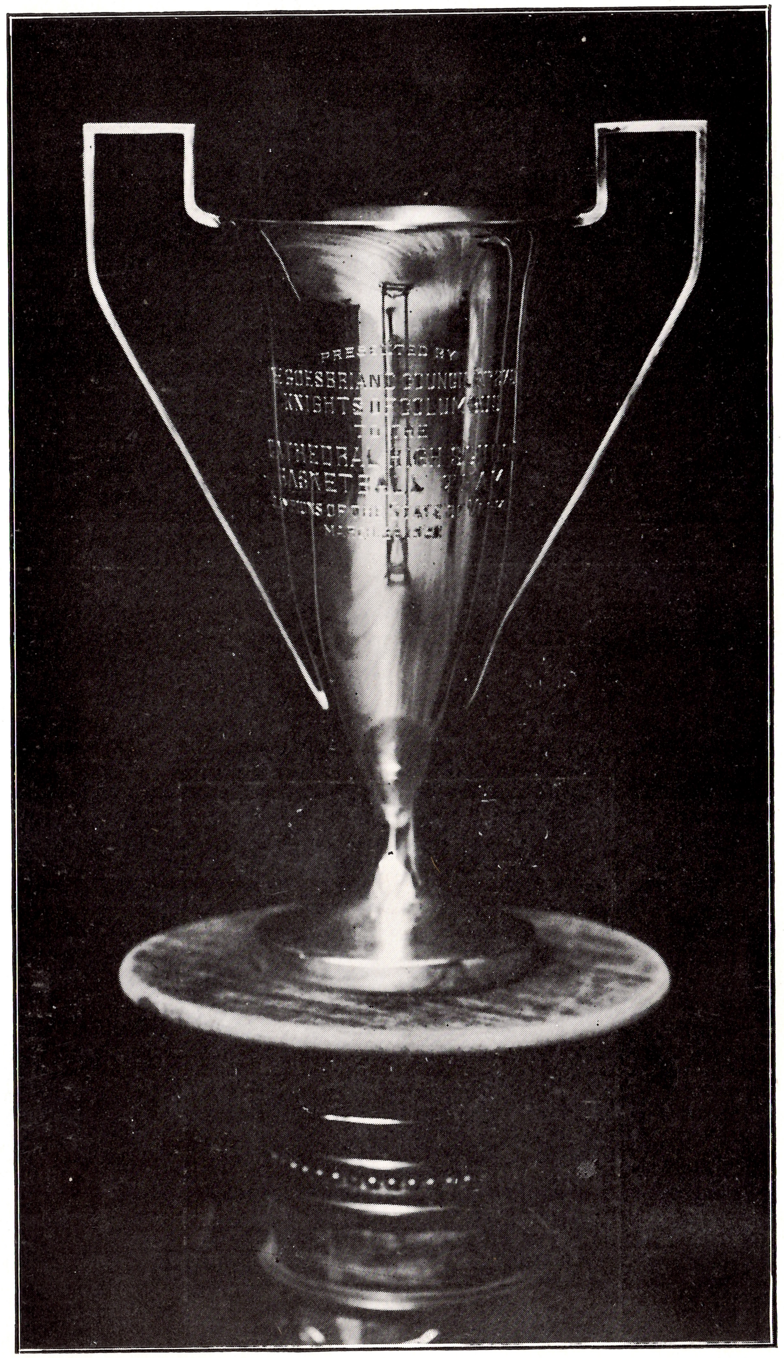
Home Games

Cathedral	76	Stowe	9
Cathedral	36	Burlington Independents	20
Cathedral	39	Waterbury	23
Cathedral	40	Hardwick	30
Cathedral	52	St. Michael's	17
Cathedral	64	Brandon	17
Cathedral	36	Rutland	8
Cathedral	54	Montpelier	20
Cathedral	41	Spaulding	21
Cathedral	33	Burlington	17
Cathedral	57	St. Albans	8

Games Out of Town

Cathedral	40	Brandon	11
Cathedral	22	Spaulding	24
Cathedral	16	Montpelier	12
Cathedral	32	Hardwick	29
Cathedral	24	St. Albans	23
Cathedral	28	Rutland	17
Cathedral	24	St. Michael's	11
Cathedral	23	Burlington	22
Cathedral	27	Suffield, Conn.	39
Total	764	Total	378

THE "TROPHY," GLENS FALLS



STATE CHAMPIONSHIP CUP
Presented by Local Knights of Columbus

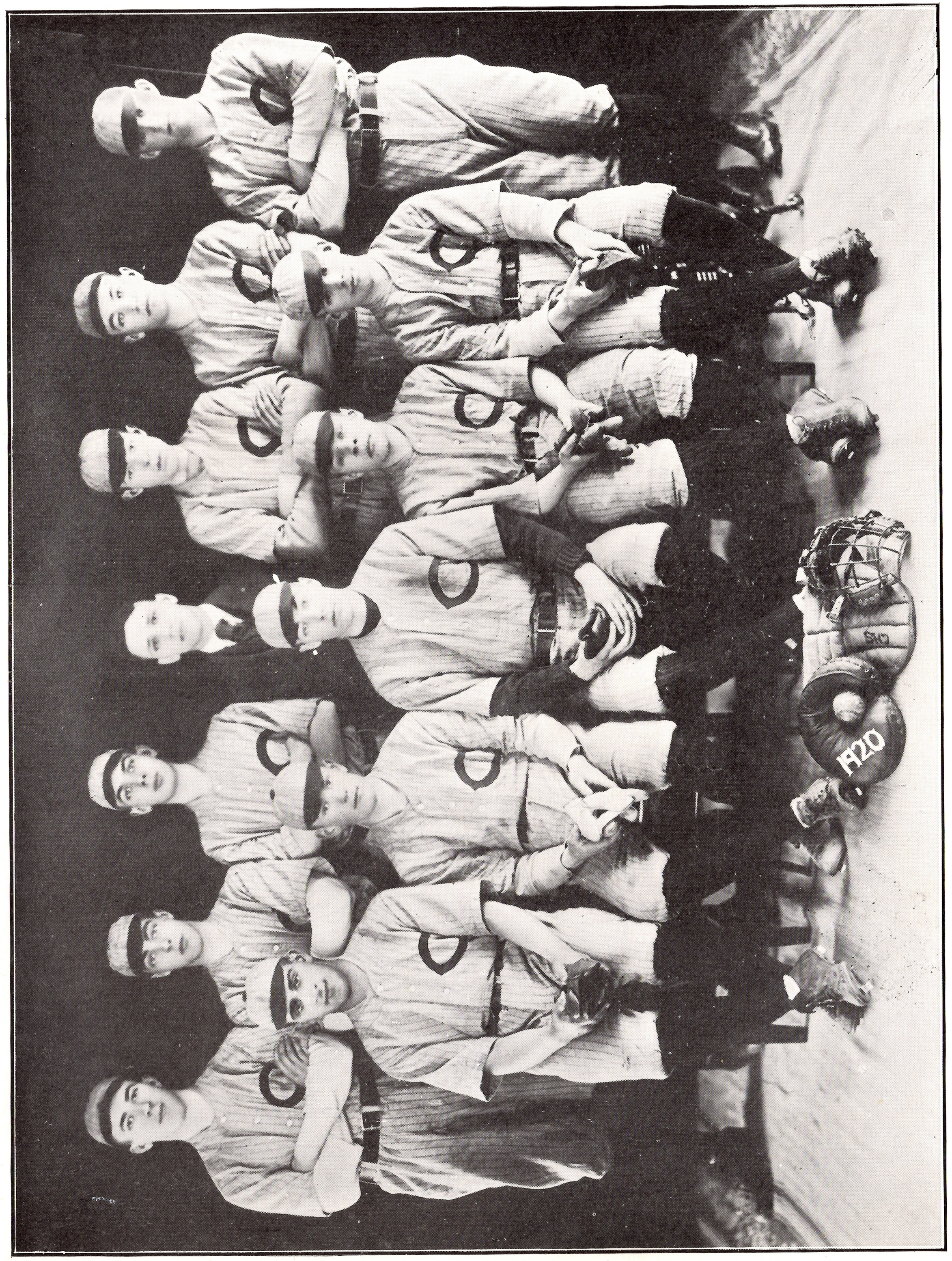
CHS THE 1921 TOWER CHS

Baseball

C. H. S. has made an excellent début in the great national game. The supremacy of basketball seemed, at one time, to threaten the progress of any other sport. But when spring came around, and nature enticed people out of doors, baseball became so fascinating that other games were quite forgotten.

Our record in baseball is most encouraging. We did not capture the championship title, but we made as good a showing as any high school team in the State. There were games in which our men played as veterans of the diamond, and at all times, their snappy, athletic bearing gave them the appearance of trained players. Our victories were all won from big high school teams with abundance of material to draw upon. The fact that for two seasons we have divided the honors with Edmunds High for city championship is evidence sufficient that baseball is in honor at the Cathedral High School.

Robert E. Beaupre.



C. H. S. FIRST TEAM

CHS THE 1921 TOWER CHS

Baseball

Season of 1921

Management

Robert Beaupre, Manager
Frederick Wakefield, Captain

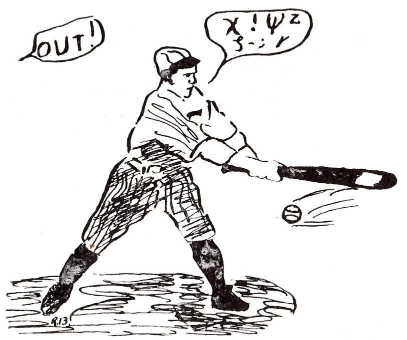
Summary of the Season

Games Away

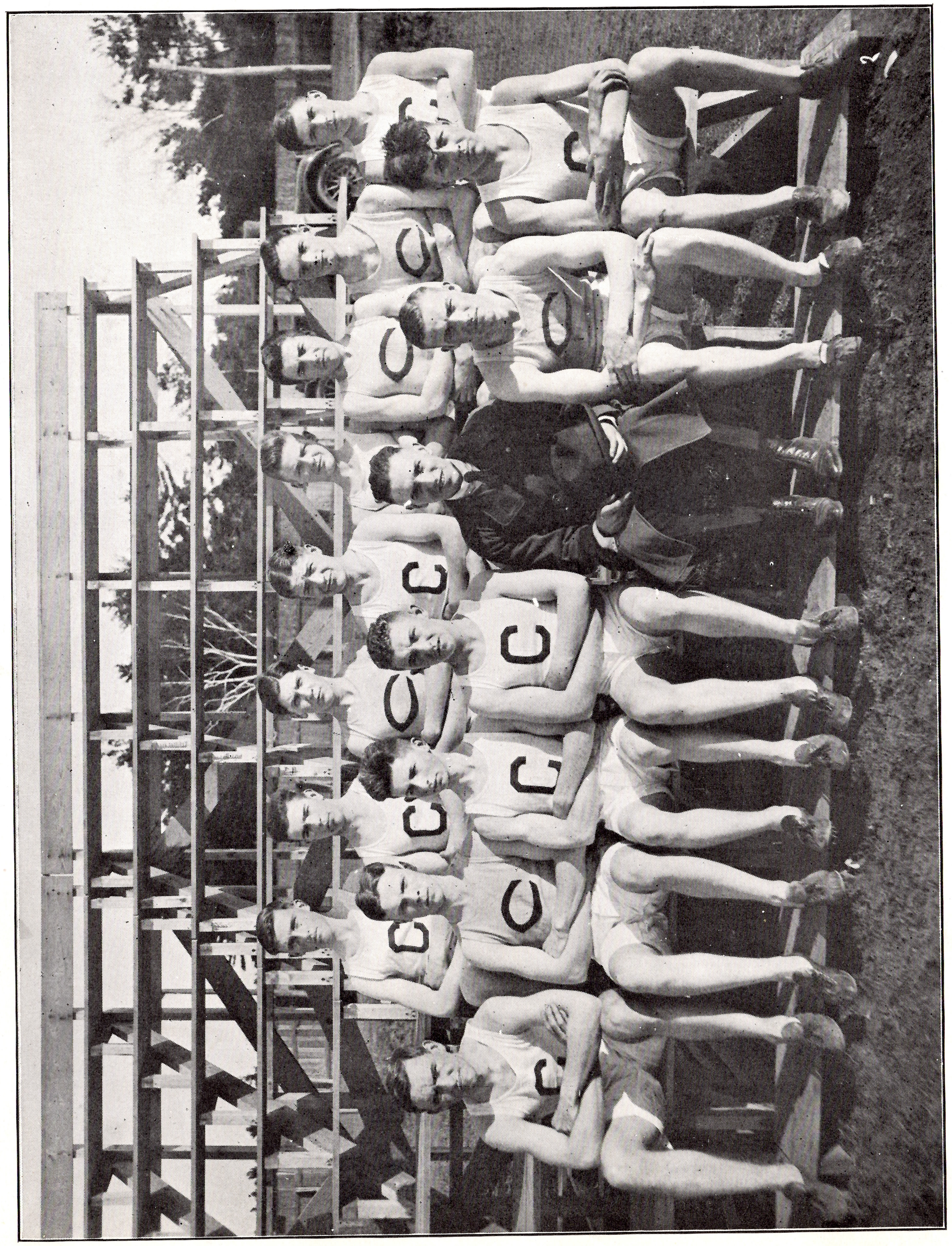
	C. H. S.	OPP.
Rutland High	6	3
Plattsburgh High	10	8
Spaulding High	2	5
Brandon High	9	6
St. Albans High	1	12
Burlington High	4	5

Home Games

	C. H. S.	OPP.
Brandon High	16	1
Plattsburgh	1	9
Spaulding High	7	9
Rutland High	15	13
Burlington High	11	10
St. Albans High	4	11



THERE IS ALWAYS A HOLE IN ALAFAT'S BAT (SO IT SEEMS)

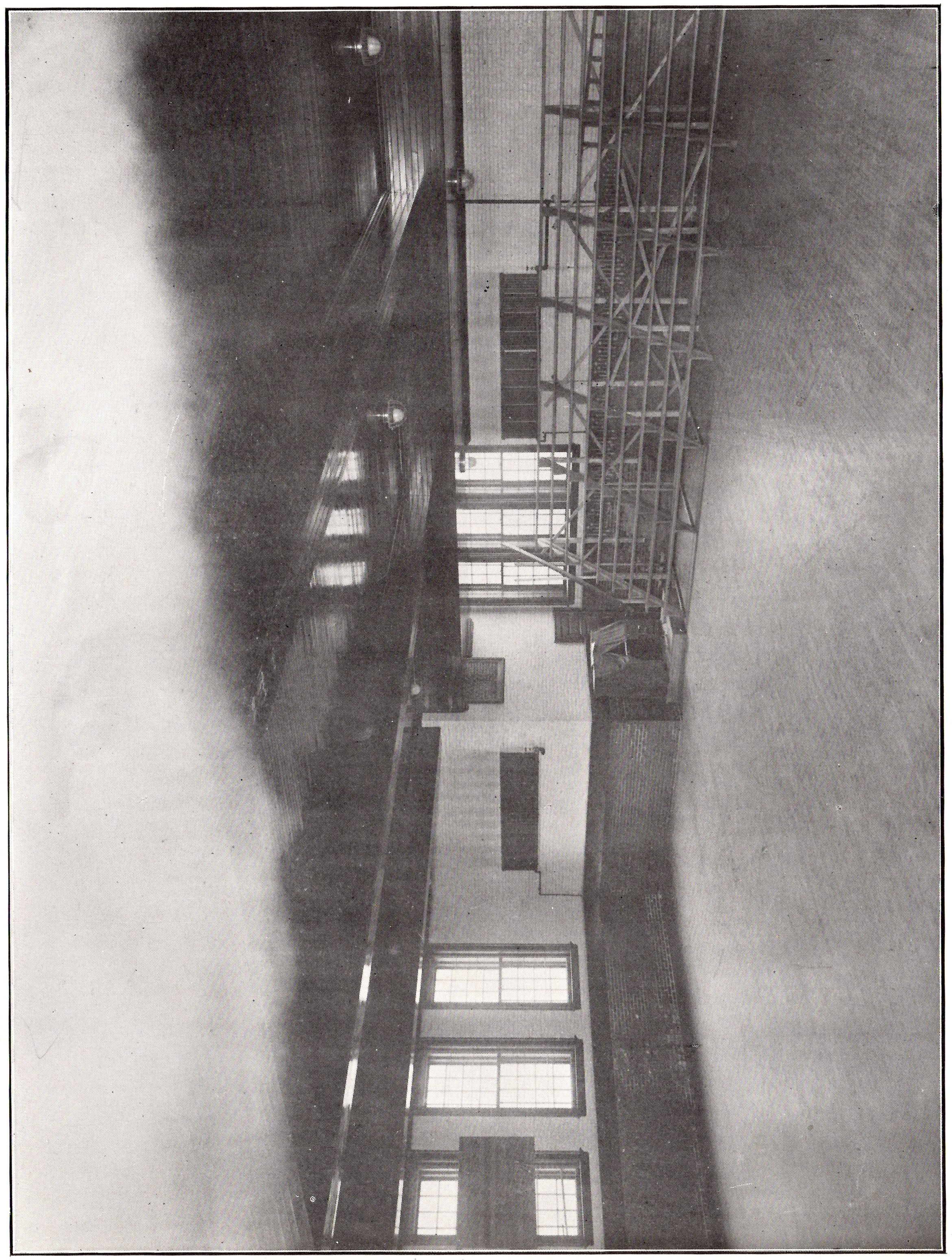


TRACK TEAM, 1921

CHS THE 1921 TOWER CHS

Track

Track is a new sport at C. H. S. Up to the present year we were unable to equip a team that could participate in any State contest. The season of '21, however, will be remembered as the formal entrance of the Cathedral boys into outdoor track events. The team we sent up to Centennial Field was composed almost entirely of undergraduates, but under the efficient coaching of "Doc" Mowles and by dint of hard work at practice, our youngsters succeeded in capturing honors in the Interscholastic State Meet held at the University of Vermont on June 3 and 4.



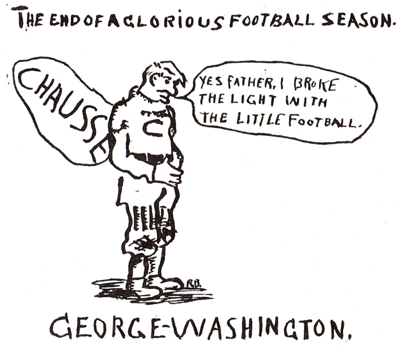
THE GYMNASIUM

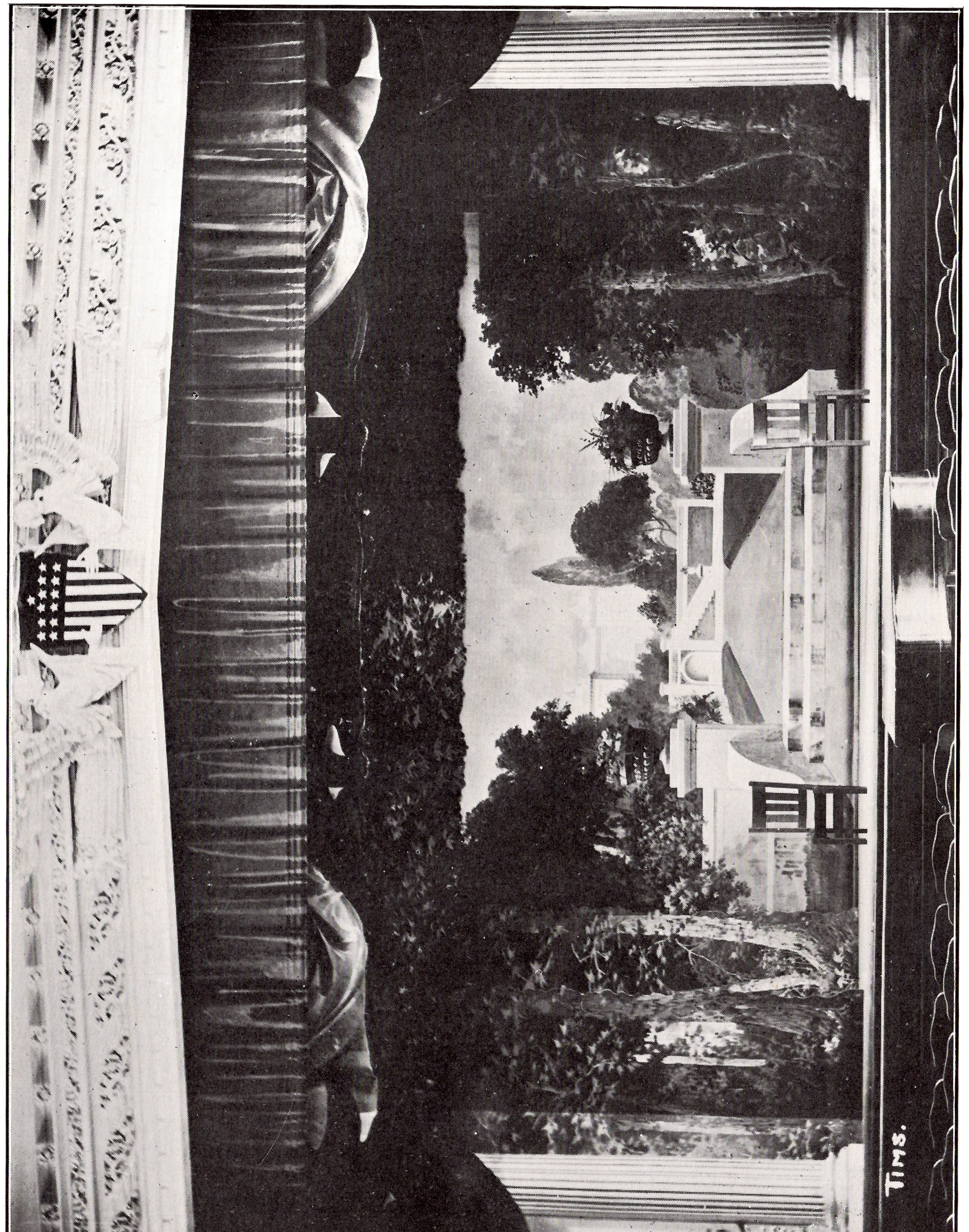
CHS THE 1921 TOWER CHS

Football

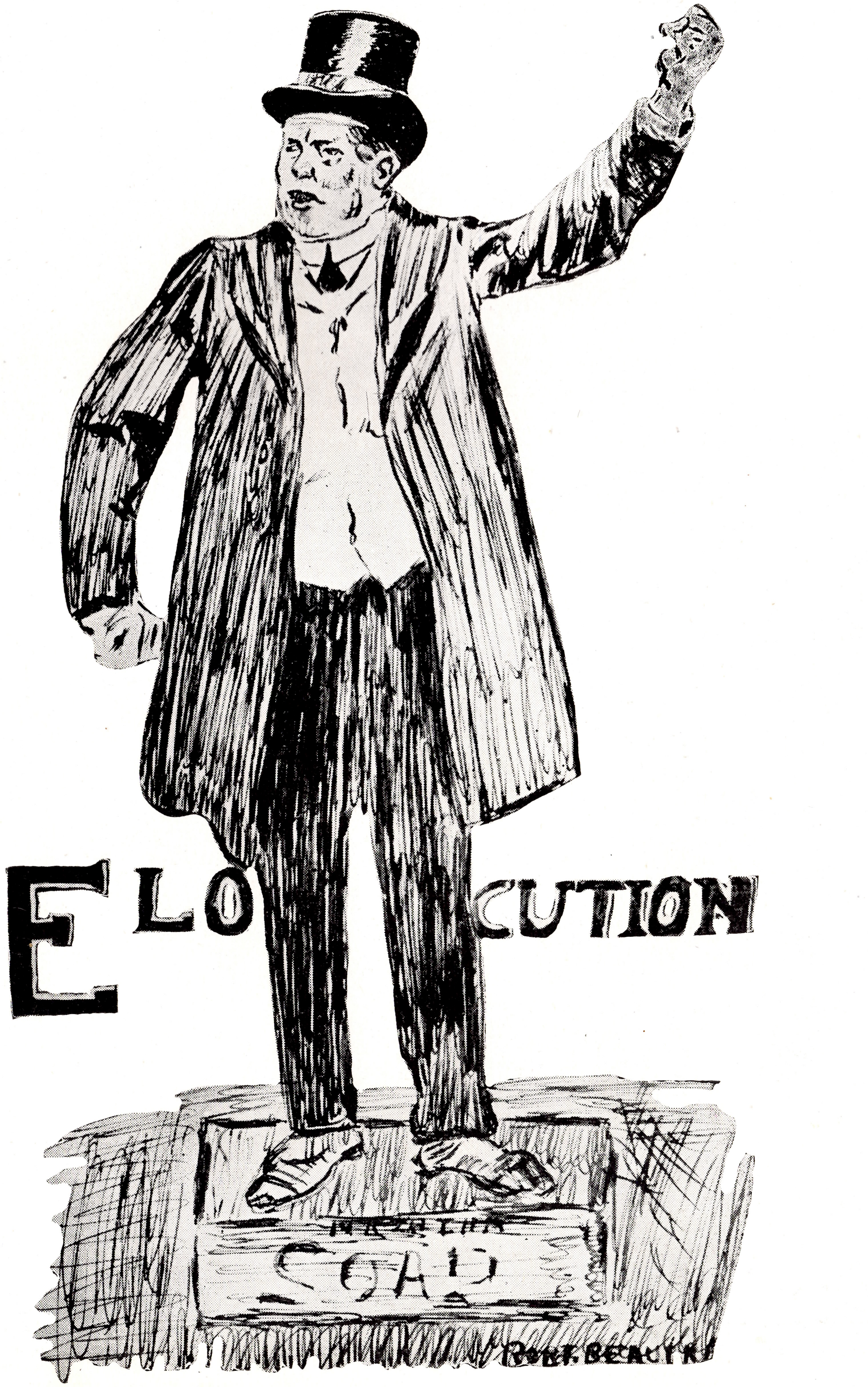
An Epitaph

Here lies what remains of our football team. Blasted before its bloom, it had not the chance to win from posterity the fame to which it seemed destined. We are consoled in our bereavement by the thought that it was killed by authority, and we here commemorate its demise as a warning to the teams that follow us, and who may hereafter read the account of our untimely end.





IN THE AUDITORIUM



Senior Dramatics

SCENES FROM "MERCHANT OF VENICE"

Dramatis Personæ

The Duke of Venice	Henry B. Dundon
Antonio, the merchant	George W. Oliver
Bassasio, his friend	Frank P. Free
Salanio — Friends of Antonio	Raymond J. Fugere
Salarino — Friends of Antonio	John B. White
Gratiano — Friends of Antonio	Francis J. Kennedy
Shylock, a rich Jew	Frederick W. Wakefield
Tubal, a Jew, his friend	Peter F. Wilson
Cleck at Court	Joseph B. Cowley
Portia, a rich heiress	Florence R. Kelley
Nerissa, her waiting maid	Hazel M. Ryan

A Farce in One Act

WHEN MOTHER COMES TO COLLEGE

Dramatis Personæ

Archibald Townsend, Sophomore at Alden College	Robert E. Beaupre
Billy Burton, his roommate	James F. Brodie
Mrs. Eliza Townsend, Archibald's mother	Loretta H. Clough

NOBODY LOVES US

Melodrama

Act One

Enter Raymond Brown behind a Camel. Finds Brodie sitting near the alleys. Mr. Bray preparing for the storm.

Brown—"Say, Dinny, will you bowl a string?"

Brodie (turning both pockets out)—"No money; the *Free Press* hasn't paid for my last article. It was a peach, too; it—"

Brown—"It was rotten. No pep. You made the players act like sticks."

Brodie—"What do you know about the game? Were you there?"

Brown—"Well, no; I tried to get in through the window, but John had it nailed down."

Brodie—"Look out, Brown! Can that cigarette. Mr. Bray has his eye on it."

Act Two

Rising action. Mike appears at entrance, winks his ears and steals to leather couch. Wakefield comes in leisurely, reciting Hamlet's soliloquy.

Wakefield—"To get caught or not to get caught, that is the question."

Mr. Bray—"Wakefield! This way out."

Wakefield—"But you see, Mr. Bray, it's this way: I have an important engagement with Mr. Porterhouse Steak, and he arranged to have me meet him in the bowling alleys."

Mr. Bray—"No good, Wakefield; you can't fool all the people all the time. Get out."

Wakefield—"Well, what about Brodie and Alafat? Put them out, why don't you?"

Act Three

Brodie takes out notebook and fakes as reporter of the bowling match. Brown puts his foot on Camel's back. Alafat looks pious.

Mr. Bray—"What are you fellows doing around here?"

Profane silence.

"Come! Get out of here. You know you have no right to be here on Thursdays."

Brown—"This is Friday, isn't it? We can come on Fridays, can't we?"

Mr. Bray—"Bluffing don't go, Brown. This is Thursday night and out you go."

Alafat—"Hard luck, Cheecock, try another."

Brodie—"We have all our work done, Mr. Bray. We just came up to look on. We know you enjoy having us."

Mr. Bray (seizing Brodie by the neck)—"You get, and you too Brown, and you too Alafat. No loafing on these premises."

Mike, Brown, Brodie, Wakefield exeunt thoughtfully.

Curtain

Notice—This show will be continued every night until June 17. War tax, 5 cents.

Some Poultry

"I'll come to you
Where'er thou art;
I'll stay with you,
We'll never part."

"Never, never can your scornings daunt me,
Never, no never can your warnings flaunt me.
Strike me! you can never hurt me,
Oh, will you never hear my plea?" cried he.

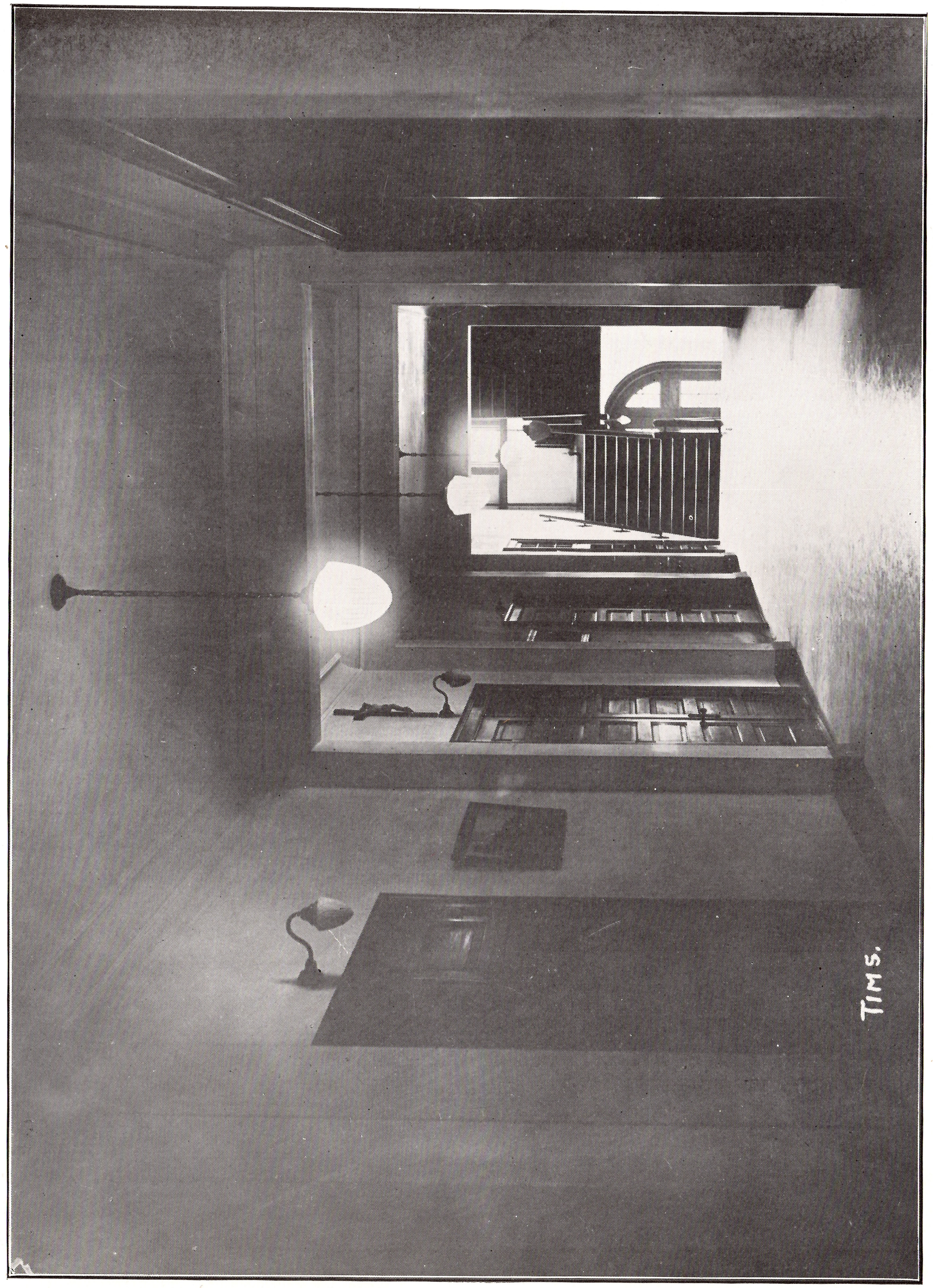
Thus he pleaded for evenings two,
But she would have nothing with him to do.
He followed her from morn till night,
She just arched her brows—oh, it was a sight.

Till, one eve, while the stars looked on,
Unable to resist him, she fell upon;
There he lay crushed at her feet,
Then lifted her dainty form and stepped on him,
The poor Misquit—oh.

Chorus

The poor moskeet,
The poor moskeet,
The poor moskeetoe.

Florence K.



MAIN CORRIDOR

CHS THE 1921 TOWER CHS

Another Poor Sample

A very stupid student
  Her given task began,
But ere 'twas hardly started
  She gave it up again.

She started it a second time,
  But only made it worse;
So when she had it finished
  It looked just like the first.

It should have been real pretty,
  And contained a lot of sense,
But the student, she was stupid,
  So it wasn't worth a pence.

The rhyme, it was imperfect,
  The verses all were wrong;
It surely was not poetry
  Or even yet a song.

PENNY.

BUSINESS ROOM

CHS THE 1921 TOWER CHS

Our Legacy

We, the class of 1921, of the Cathedral High School, in the City of Burlington, County of Chittenden and the State of Vermont, being, as we believe, of sound mind and memory, do hereby make, publish and declare this to be our last will and testament, that is to say:

First: We direct the Junior class to take charge of our places and property and, as soon as possible after our departure, pay all our just debts.

Second: We extend to the teachers of the school our deepest gratitude for their labors in our behalf, and our heartfelt sympathy for the tasks that lie before them in training the Senior class of 1922.

Third: We give and bequeath to our immediate successors, the aforesaid Juniors, our undeveloped social proclivities, and the hard knocks we have often been given but never accepted.

Fourth: To the little angels of the Sophomore class, we give and devise our attendance record with the recommendation that they work hard for the attendance prize, as not much else is in store for them.

Fifth: We bequeath to the babies of the school, our precious little Freshmen, a good share of the indomitable spirit which we advise them to draw upon liberally and whenever they feel that the worst is yet to come.

Having remembered by some parting gift all the underclasses in general, we now make the following personal bequests:

To some future class treasurer we donate a manuscript copy of "Skip" Silliman's original lullaby, "Two Bits," to be sung with "Nervo Robusto."

We direct Raymond Brown's unparalleled "Bluff" to be equally divided among the three famous Juniors, Leo Knox, Edmund Mitiguy and Herman Polworth.

We further direct, after having suffered much at the hands of Frederick Wakefield, that all future elocutionists be muzzled and kept in close confinement during school hours.

To some wayward Junior we leave the custody of our various colored maps and other rare specimens of art, with the provision that they continue to study History within the sacred precincts of Room "F."

To the Commercial division of the Junior class we leave the residue of our treasury, to be used by them in the purchase of chewing gum, it being understood that no matter how much they chew they will never outrival the Commercials of 1921.

To Anna O'Sullivan, whose chief joy we are taking away with us, we leave our sympathy.

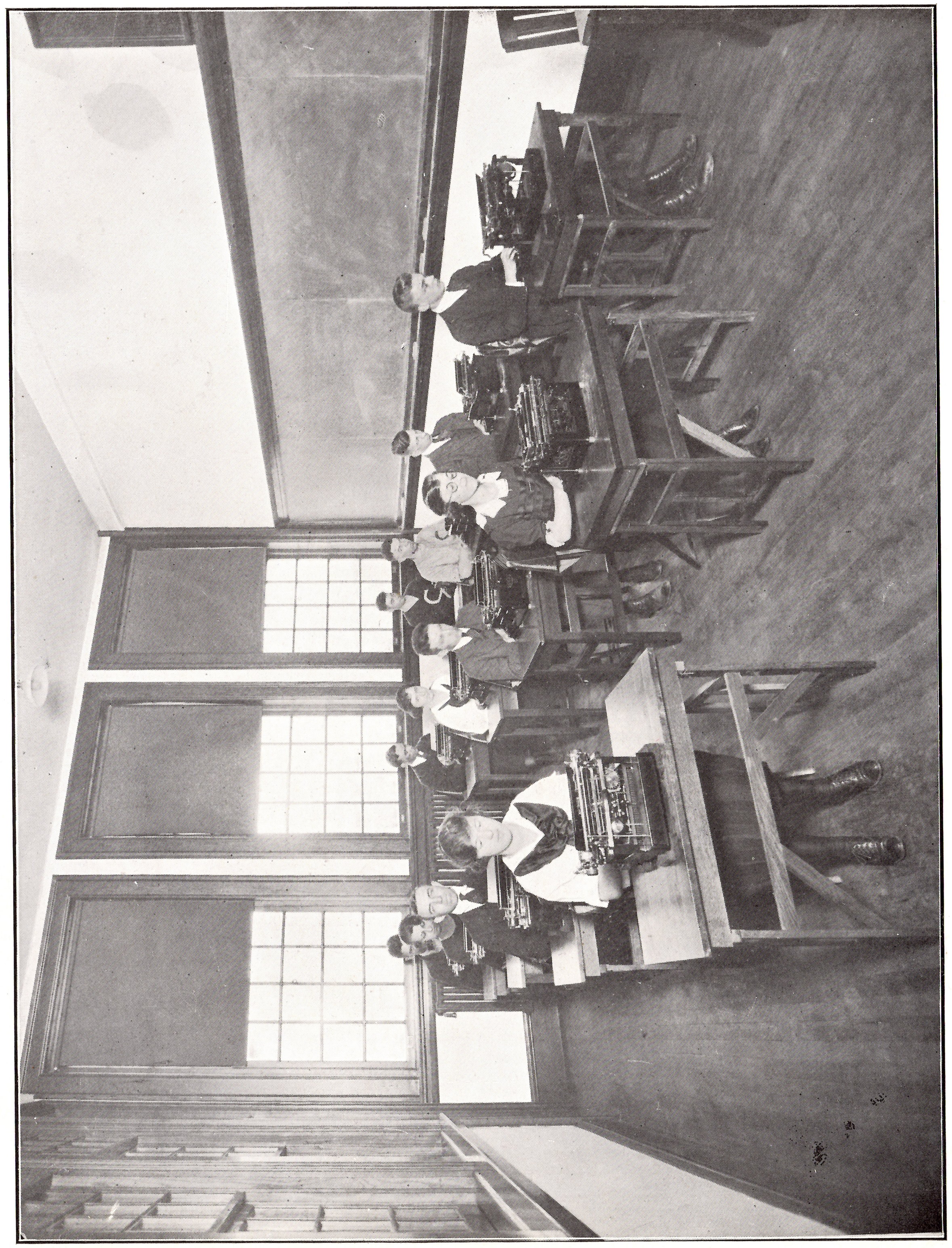
To John Neary we recommend patience and resignation.

To all future dabblers in literature, we bequeath copies of the *Orangeade* and *Ginger Jar,* and we direct that each pupil be taxed for the support of these two publications.

To no student do we give the privilege of writing our epitaph or of speaking of us in any way except in tones of deepest respect and reverence.

In witness whereof we have signed, sealed and published this instrument as the last will and testament of the now famous class of 1921.

P. FRANCIS WILSON.



TYPEWRITING ROOM

Just Out

Teacher—"Your answer reminds me of Quebec."
Student—"Why, please?"
Teacher—"Because Quebec was built on a bluff."

Latin teacher (dictating Latin)—"Tell me, slave, where is thy horse?"
Startled Senior—"It's under my chair, but I wasn't using it."

Student—"I don't think I should get a zero on this examination."
Teacher—"Neither do I, but that's the lowest mark I know of."

Teacher—"You are always behind in your studies."
Student—"Well, you see, sir, it gives me a chance to pursue them."

Teacher—"What is aluminum used for?"
Wakefield—"Er-ah-h earthenware."

Teacher—"I've looked the essays over and can't find one suitable for the year book."
Mike Alafat (to Brodie)—"I haven't handed mine in yet."

Teacher—"Tom, I want to see you get a 100 on this English exam."
T. Brown—"So do I, father; let's pull together."

Someone asked Polly if he could see her home, and she said, "Sure, I'll send you a picture of it."

Cloughie has a great tendency to hit people on the impulse of the moment.

F. McKenzie—"Cloughie, do you play on the piano?"
L. Clough—"I used to, but I'm so big now that my father is afraid I'll fall off."

Teacher (translating Virgil)—"Dido hung on his lips."
Miss Ryan—"He must have had a mustache."

Ed. Silliman (sneezing)—"Whuisshee!" (Who is she?)
English IV Teacher—"Miss Murphy! briefly discuss Wordsworth—"

Fred W.—"Why don't you take me to church some night?"
Hazel R.—"You're old enough to walk."

Nothing is better than a good recitation.
But a bad recitation is better than nothing.
Therefore, a bad recitation is better than a good recitation.

Song Hits at C. H. S.

Your Mammy's Little Coal Black Rose............................J. B. White

I Want to go Back to the Farm ....H. B. Dundon

My Wild Irish Rose ....F. Kelley

I Love You Just the Same, Sweet Adeline ....T. H. Brown

Miller at the Wheel ....B. Polworth

It's Sunshine That Old Ireland Needs ....P. Murphy

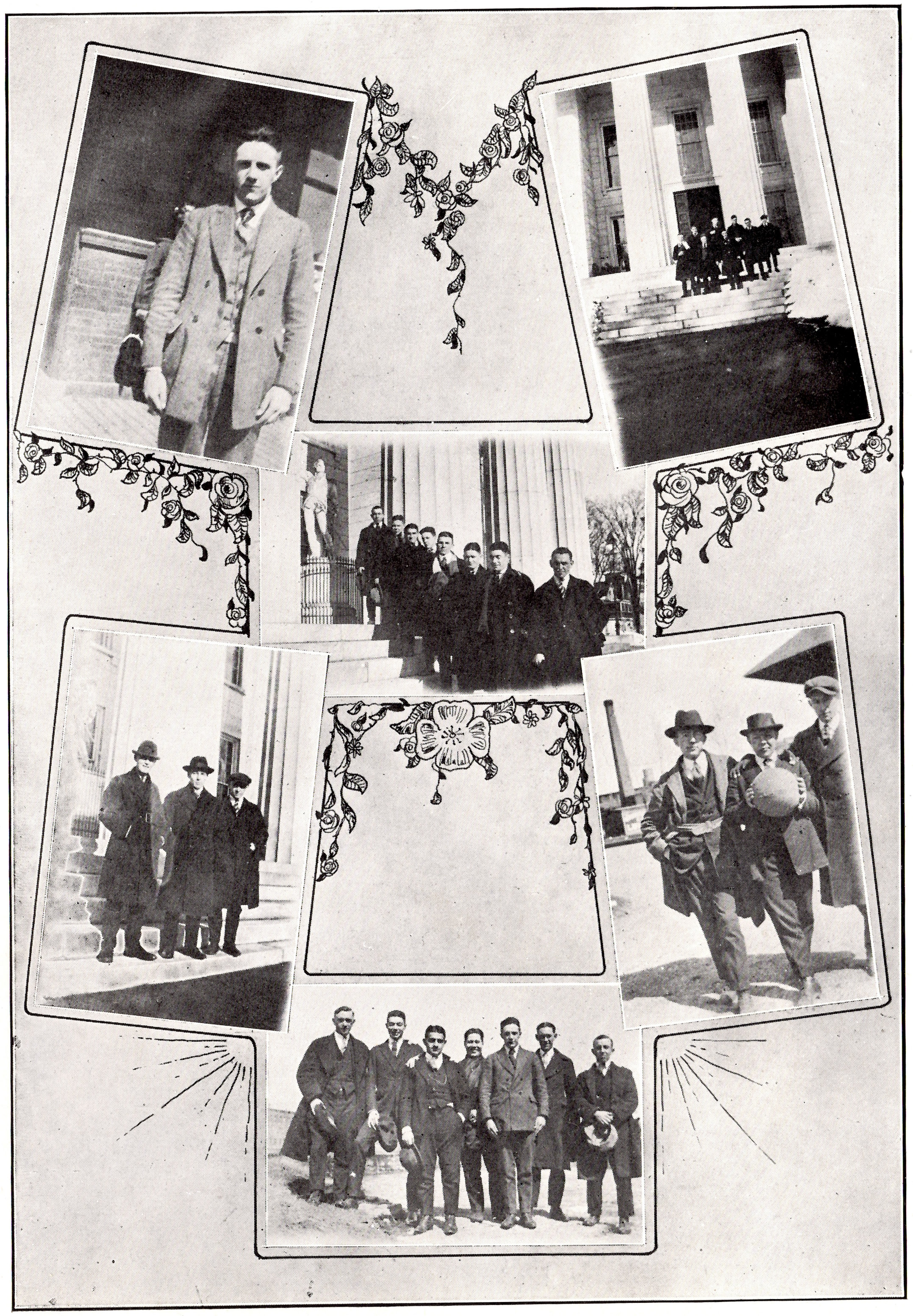
Ireland Isn't Ireland Any More ....F. Wakefield

I Wonder Who'll Feed Me Tonight................................M. Alafat

When You Wear a No. 13 Collar and Your Shoes Are No. 3............F. Wilson

God Loves the Irish, But He Gave All the Money to the Jews........J. Cowley

Oh! You Mississippi Marbles..........................J. Brodie and R. Brown



THE IMMORTALS

THEIR FAVORITE OCCUPATION

Retrospective

Like all great organizations, we have a past, a history. Not narrative of wars, diplomacy or intrigue, for we have always loved peace and frankness and simplicity, but a proud record of our successes in every department of school life.

The difficulties which confronted us in our course are unparalleled in the annals of student life. The day we entered school as Freshmen we were made Seniors. We were always looked up to, and the modesty which was peculiar to our nature was gradually lost from being exposed to such violent temptations. But what we lost in virtue, we gained in comfort, for we were never preached at by upperclassmen, never had to take lessons from others, and for one sweet year were the sole occupants of this palace of learning.

Of the seventy-five who responded to the call on that fair September day, 1917, thirty-three remain. Of the others, three have gone forward to the life that knows no ending, and of them we may apply the classic dictum of Sophocles, that "they who die young are loved by the gods," or the more appropriate words of Scripture, "they were snatched from life lest malice tarnish their hearts." Some have entered the ranks of various schools where their light is shining before men; some have taken wives in a sea of troubles; and the rest have left us to enrich the world and themselves by the labor that conquers everything.

Our first rational act of Freshman days, was an election of officers, and as self-determination was in the air, we arrogated to ourselves the privileges of self-government. Of those who ran on that Freshman ticket, just one, Hazel Ryan, she of the golden locks, has been able to retain all through her course the suffrages of the electorate. Following the display of our political prowess, an attempt was made to introduce social affairs into the school, but on this perilous sea our preceptors would not allow us to venture, and to cover our defeat and gain at any cost an outlet for our pent-up spirits, we turned our attention to athletics, and even as Freshmen, we boasted a galaxy of "stars" which have long since covered the class, the school and the city with glory.

Sophomore year came, and with it a rather insignificant class of woe-begone Freshies, whose verdancy from being amusing became annoying. But we welcomed them to the ranks, and taught them by example how to make others miserable at C. H. S. We were students in those days, and nothing pleased us more than to hear testimonials trumpeted from the rostrum of the Assembly Hall on the first Monday of each month.

And, now we were Juniors, with but one more peg to go. Freshmen we ignored, and the Sophomores we were willing to recognize, but not in public. We were very fond of ourselves in those days, but our pride received such rude shocks that we gradually subsided and became the lovable creatures that we are today. In Junior year, we, for the first time, harangued an audience, and our success was so pronounced that we continued from that time forth to demonstrate our "power of

the tongue." But the days passed (they usually do) and we rose from the lower strata of school society to the dignity of Seniors.

With three years' experience, we soon adapted ourselves to the multiple exigencies of the last year at school. Nobody worked, except the basketball players and the class officers. Frank Kennedy hammered with his gavel; Hazel railroaded the resolutions; Skip guarded the money bags; Skinny kept record of our foolishness; and Wakefield held to the soap-box.

We were accorded many innocent distractions, and be it said to our glory, that we did not disgrace ourselves publicly. And thus we lived through the four years of our high school course, gathering in and treasuring memories of the teachers, the companions and the joys of the days spent at C. H. S.

Those days are at an end. History does not tell us what happens in the future, but if the happiness that has been ours in the last four years be granted us in the new life we are about to enter, we shall have reason to believe that fortune smiles upon the Class of Nineteen Twenty-One.

Florence R. Kelley.

When We Were at School

It is past twenty-five years since I stood, like the boy on the burning deck, on this school stage and made my maiden speech to a Commencement audience. The intervening years have witnessed the school grow in numbers and prominence, until it has become, I am informed, the foremost secondary school in the State. In the speeches and essays which formed part of the program tonight, it was said repeatedly that the Cathedral High had now reached the apex of her glory, and that never before did she have as great reason to rejoice as she had in sending forth to represent her the boys and girls she graduated this evening. I cannot dispute this statement, for it has as good a chance of being true as it has of being false. Yet, coming as I do, from the ranks of those who have proved their worth by deeds, as well as by words, I must confess that I am not prepared to believe that C. H. S. will ever launch upon life men and women of higher repute, in all scholastic achievements, than those away back in the class of 1921.

Doubtless the young graduates, in whose presence I stand, will smile in their sleeves at what, to them, must sound like the ravings of an old alumnus. They are now silently beseeching me, I am sure, to come out of the past and pitch my tent in the present. It is not that I object to the present, for I am still on the safe side of fifty; I am a man of the present; not a dreamer, or a poet, but a practical man, identified, like many other men, with the big task of the present, which consists in earning a living. But the past has its charms, and one loves to go back over the pages and read the story of the years that are gone. Not more refreshing to the prodigal is the tracing of all familiar roads that lead him homeward, than it is to us of mature years to go back, on an occasion like this, to the scenes and memories of our school days.

In those days, schools were different. They were places where one was sent to master one's lessons and inclinations, and not to be interested and amused. We were not called "child material," or embryonic citizens, or other similar things, as are the boys and girls of this enlightened age; we were just school pupils who were required, strange to say, to do what we were told, and for whom the teachers were not obliged to turn work into play and play into work. Our rights and privileges were not of the exalted character they are today, for the only right I have knowledge of was that of remaining in the class room, as long as we behaved properly.

And, the teachers of our day! God rest the souls of those fine old Pedagogues, the breed long since extinct, who, as Lamb says, came to their work as a sport, and revolved in a perpetual cycle of declensions, conjugations, syntaxes, and prosodies! They were not substitutes for their pupils. We did our own studying, wrote our own Commencement essays, and took the blame of our own misdeeds.

But, what did we learn? Oh, not much of the stuff you young graduates were prating about tonight, but much of what helps to make a successful man out of a raw recruit of a school boy. Let the records speak. The deeds of the class of '21 are now matter of history. Be it said of the class to which I have the honor to belong, that all of them have succeeded in living down their school record, and are making a tolerably good figure in the world.

It was glorious to visit Church Street this afternoon, after so many years,

and my heart jumped with joy to see it. There, on one corner, was the house of Silliman-Stannard Co., the greatest clothiers in the State, and on the other, The Monniere Shoe Store, with its gorgeous windows and palatial entrance. As I strolled down the familiar business section (smoking, by the way, a cigarette put up by the Brown & Cowley firm), the signboards that I read set me athrill with enthusiasm for my old classmates: The Russell Aid to Advertisers; The Horner-Fugere Business College (penmanship and bookkeeping a specialty); The Wakefield-Dundon Gas Co.; The Kelley School of Esthetic Dancing; The Murphy Studios; and the Misses Cronin and Ryan Elite Barber Shop. Oh! I was proud of the old class of '21. But, a distinct shock was in store for me, when venturing into one of my old haunts for an ice cream soda, I found myself in a beauty parlor, and was confronted with three midde-aged spinsters, whom under the disguise of paint and powder, I recognized as the famous Leary-Corley-Polworth trio. How strange life is after all, and what mockery fate makes of us, for it was this very trio that gave evidence, during school days, of the most pronounced matrimonial instincts. Talking over this particular perversity with Father Francis Free, the new principal of the High School, and Sister M. Assisium, who is more familiar to me under the name of Marjorie Dragon, I was told that a still more startling example of the irony of fate was found in the case of Tommy Brown, who has turned out to be a woman hater of the most violent kind.

It is encouraging to note the progress of those who were with you at school. If they have won some honorable distinction, you fall to thinking how the man, your old equal upon the school benches, has outrun you. It pricks to effort and teaches the difference between now and then. How often have I thought of the men of my day who have achieved the highest success, and in so short a time; of the Honorable George Oliver, now ambassador to the Republic of Ireland; of Senator Brodie, the Democratic leader of Vermont; of Professor Beaupre, Dean of the Medical Faculty at the University of Michigan; of Maude Kelley, who is singing for the Ricardo Phonograph Company; and of Frank Wilson, the editor of the *Burlington Free Press.*

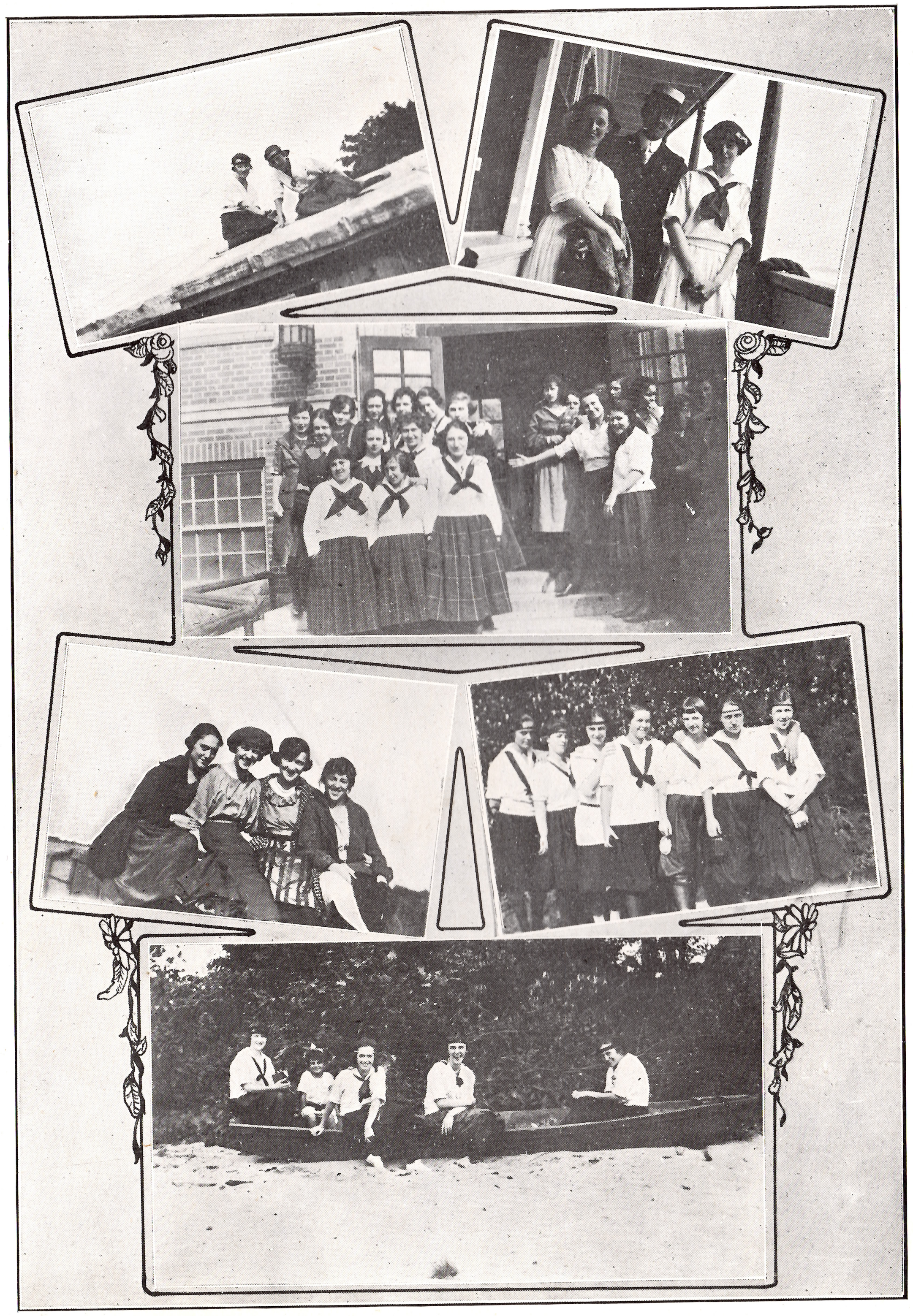
Add to the lustre these men have brought to the school, the athletic supremacy of the class of '21, which is evidenced by the whirlwind team that has represented Vermont in New England baseball for the last three years. Delaney—who does not know Delaney?—Cathedral's old stand-by, is the big star of the mound, and Lynch, of baserunning fame, who still wears the catcher's mit. Alafat and Kennedy are the Babe Ruths of today; their faces run in the movies and on the funny section of the *Boston American.*

There were some thirty-three of us, all scattered now, but when we meet it seems strange to talk over our old school days, as I have today with three of your teachers: Father John White, Sisters Mary Louise and Margaret of Cortona (Loretta Clough and Francis McKenzie, when I knew them).

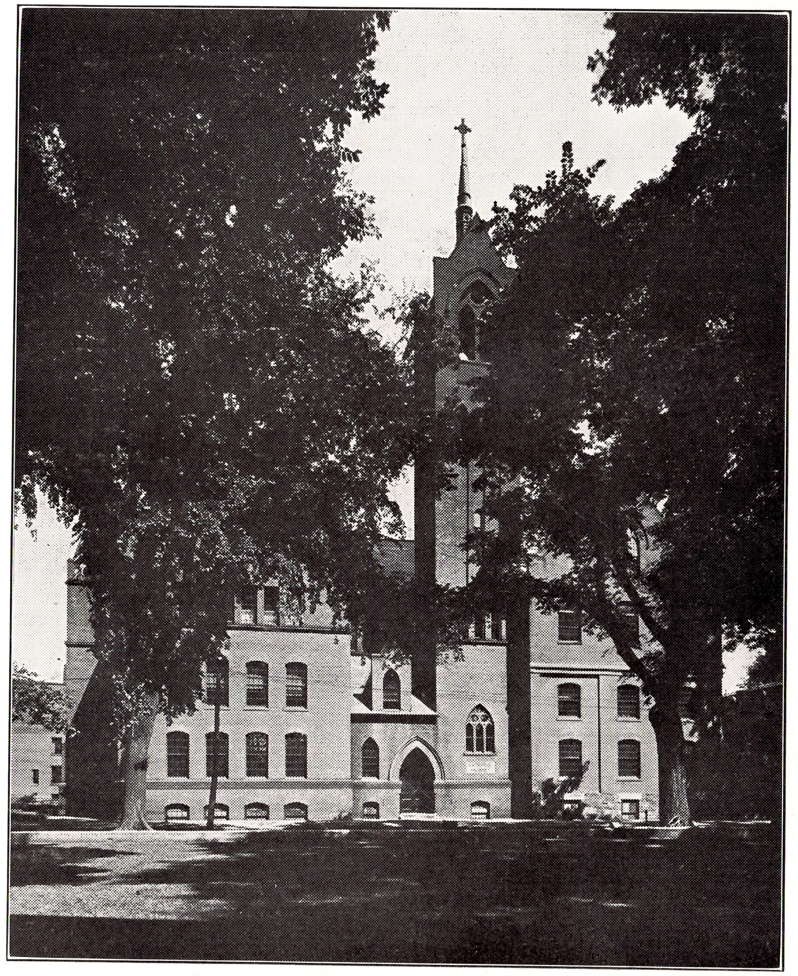
And thus we have proved our claims to the greatness you aspire to. But your spirit is as hopeful as ours was, and your success most probably will be as great, for such is the story of life. To the old, the old days were the best, but to the young, the future and its burdens of joy and happiness and fame—all is theirs for the asking.

Edward F. Lynch.

ANGELS AND SAINTS



US GIRLS



WHERE WE STARTED

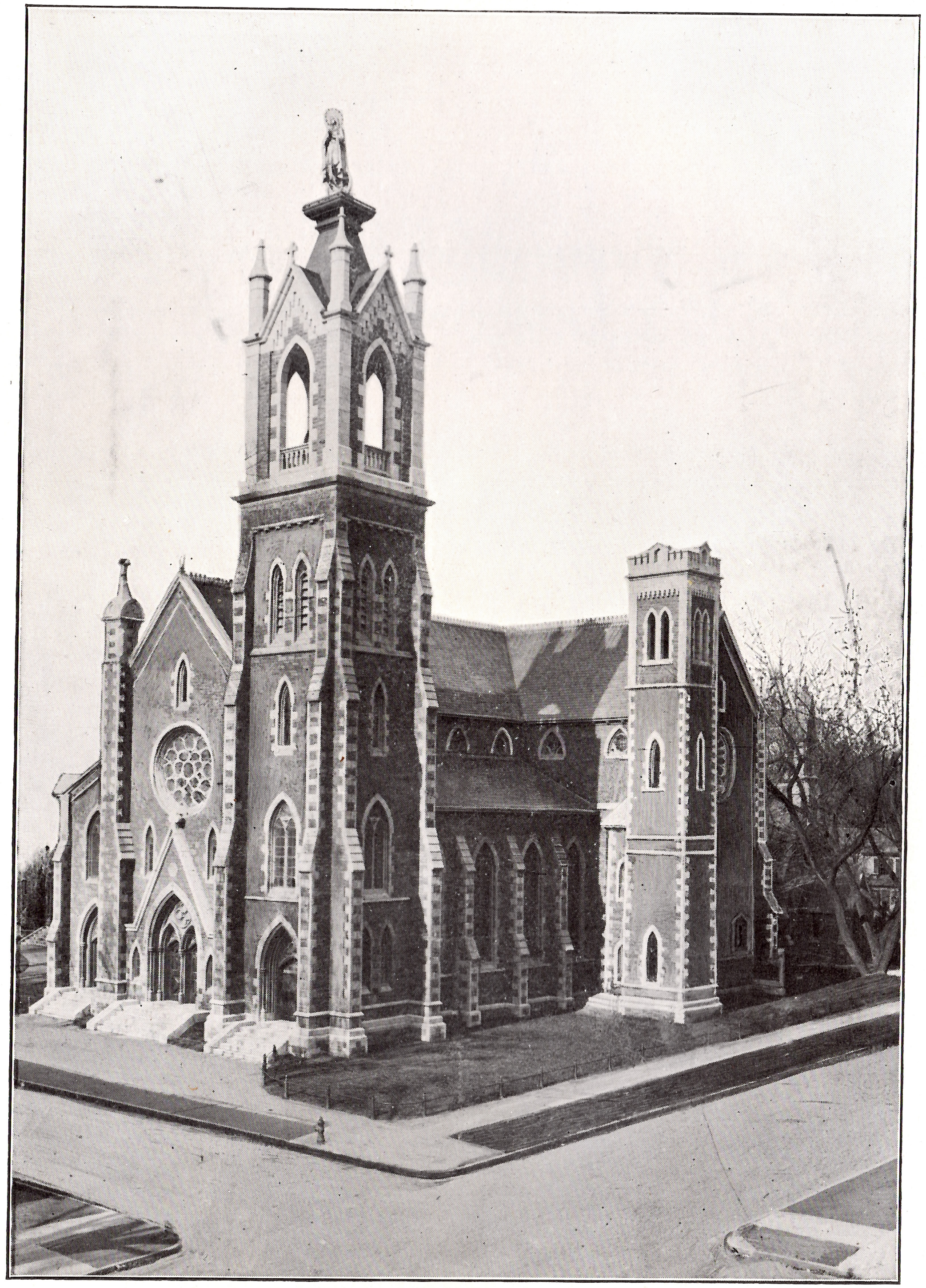
WHERE WE FINISHED

Former Students

Frederick Austin
Loiselle Bayley
William Beaudry
Ruth Casey
Edward Conway
Bernard Daley
Leon Dooley
Alfred Dorey
Paul Dorn
Bernard Dubois
Robert Glynn
Harry Hardacre
Thomas Ireland
Charles Jacobs
Arthur Johnson
Charles Keith
Madeline Kennedy
Frank Lafayette
Mary Landers
Percy Looney
Florence McElroy
Arthur McGettrick
Leonard McGrath
Gerard McLaughlin
Anna Mangini
Louis Mangini
Edward Martin
Arthur Moran
Agnes Murray
Helen Murray
Robert Reeves
Raymond Shepard
Harold Viens
Leonard Walsh
Gerard Zeno

HIS FIRST DAY AT C.H.S.

CHS THE 1921 TOWER CHS



To the Members of the Cathedral Parish

To the Friends

who, in the earliest stages of our existence, gave us a place in their affections;

To all Those

who manifested their interest in our work, by their attendance at our school affairs;

To the Benefactors

who encouraged and supported us in every undertaking, and helped to make the Cathedral High School the well-known institution that it is today;

We, the First Graduates, take pleasure in expressing our heartfelt gratitude, and in acknowledging our indebtedness.

A Parting Word

My Lord:
Very Reverend and Reverend Fathers:
Dear Teachers, Parents and Friends:

We are standing between the future and the past. The brightest days cast their shadow into the distance, and memories of things that are gone turn all the roseate twilight of what lies before us into pain and sadness. Thus, we would fain turn the vessel round and row against the stream, or we would pause by the roadside to rest, and inhale the perfume, now, alas, so faint, of the flowers we plucked in our course. Fondly, indeed, do we look back, ere we part, on the way that we have come, thinking of the freshness of the morning, when the dew was on the wayside flowers; thinking of the fair landscape that the sun shone upon; thinking of the people that we picked up in the journey, and of the old familiar faces; and all the while the heralds of the battle are coming up from the plain, to remind us that the struggle will soon be on, and that the ranks are opening to receive us.

It is difficult, in looking back upon the past, to fix and duly appraise the blessings that come closest to the heart. We have reached the end of four years, spent in the overflowing fulness of this school's opportunities, but when it comes to analyze the pleasures and profits which have fallen to our lot, our minds fail of comprehension and words lose their virtue.

In her words of greeting, my classmate attempted to interpret the work and training of the school. She dwelt upon the revelations of science, the lessons of history, the charms of literature, the influence of moral training. But the school and its purpose rises far above these various elements of training. They may be likened to a heap of bricks rather than to a finished building. And so the school is more than the culture that adorns and refines, more than knowledge which enlightens and informs, even more than the will-training which hardens a man to the struggle. It is the "place apart" in which God guarded our youth; the training camp in which He prepared us for the future; the home where He reigned as Father and Superior.

When the chief Pastor of the Diocese undertook the founding of a free Catholic high school in Burlington, he had for his purpose the fulfillment of God's designs in the education of youth. This same purpose has been the guiding principle of the school in every feature of its training. The rights of God have been at the foundation of every demand made upon our intelligence and our wills. We were taught to read God's handwriting across the great dome of the firmament, as in the tiniest blade of green; to see His finger directing the nations to their destiny; to catch the reflection of His Eternal Beauty in the master-works of human intelligence; to acknowledge His rights in every restraint imposed upon our wills; and He was present in the persons of our teachers and in their authority. He

enveloped us by the sweet atmosphere of religion, and by His paternal care, gave to these lifeless walls the warmth of our Father's House. This, more than anything else, gives a character to the Catholic school, ennobles the work it pursues, and exalts it above the level of secular institutions, and for this, and all that it implies, we are thankful to God and to those who have carried out His designs over us.

The road that we have traversed stretches very far behind us, as we look back upon it tonight. But even the glamor of the past cannot screen from the memory the efforts and the toils and the pains which are inherent in the processes of education. Nothing of worth can be purchased without pain, nor can happiness comes of victories that have not been won; thus *per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum,* we have at last arrived at the end of our high school course. If, at times, the tutors were stern, and the tasks hard, and the restraints irksome, all the sadness of the past seems sweet to us now that we must not only do for ourselves but know what to do.

And so we leave the past, which now belongs to God. We must have done with vain regrets and longings for the days that never will be ours again. Our work lies in front, not behind us. We must press forward, whether we will or no, and we shall walk better looking straight before us rather than turning sadly to what lies behind.

Fortunately, Cathedral School has prepared us for the new life, and we go forward joyously to meet it. Youth is the time of hope, and no fulfillment ever known on earth brings the same satisfaction as the hope that is born of it. The greatest possibilities seem to arise within us, when we are young. There is nothing we cannot do. For such is youth; it flings defiance into the fact of experience, and troops out to victory upon victory.

They say it is only a dream. Be that as it may, we mean to make the best of the years that are to come. Success rides on every hour and, those hours of the future, we can grapple them, and measure them, and fill them with the purposes of men who are earnest in their lives. Where much is given, of course, much is expected. We have received the best that Catholic Education can give, and we promise to put our talents to use. We shall be Catholics without fear and without reproach; we shall be citizens in whose hearts will burn the love of our American fatherland; we shall be such men and women that, whenever the class of 1921 stands to its colors, the Cathedral High School will not be ashamed of acknowledging us as her children.

We stand between the past and the future. With our feet still lingering on the doorstep, we say our parting word to those who were our teachers and our friends. We know their worth. For twelve years, we have lived under the protecting influence of a Catholic school, and the Sisters and Priests have been our friends through all these years. They are like the evergreens—not gaudy; not demonstrative; and, perhaps, not fascinating, but staunch and lasting. They have made their sacrifice, and their reward they expect from God, but if we cannot repay them, we can say that we are grateful. If aught of success should ever come our way, if by our good deeds we

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gain a title to the rewards of men, we shall always feel that "they taught us" and that our laurels belong to them as much as they do to us.

Dear classmates, we shall meet again, but in other characters and different rôles. Tonight, we are pupils of the Cathedral High School, but tomorrow, we shall be members of that later school where schoolmates slip out of sight and are forgotten. No, not forgotten; for our affection for the school that trained us will be the bond that will keep us together in spirit all through life. At least, let us pledge friendship tonight, and on each recurring Commencement let us meet and renew our hearts within the walls of Cathedral High School.

Monstra te Matrem, Mary is the Mother of all Christians, but especially of the young. To her we entrust our virtue, our perseverance and our lives. May she continue to bless us as she has in the past; may she envelop us by the tender arms of her maternal protection; may she be a mother to us through all the years that are before us.

George W. Oliver.

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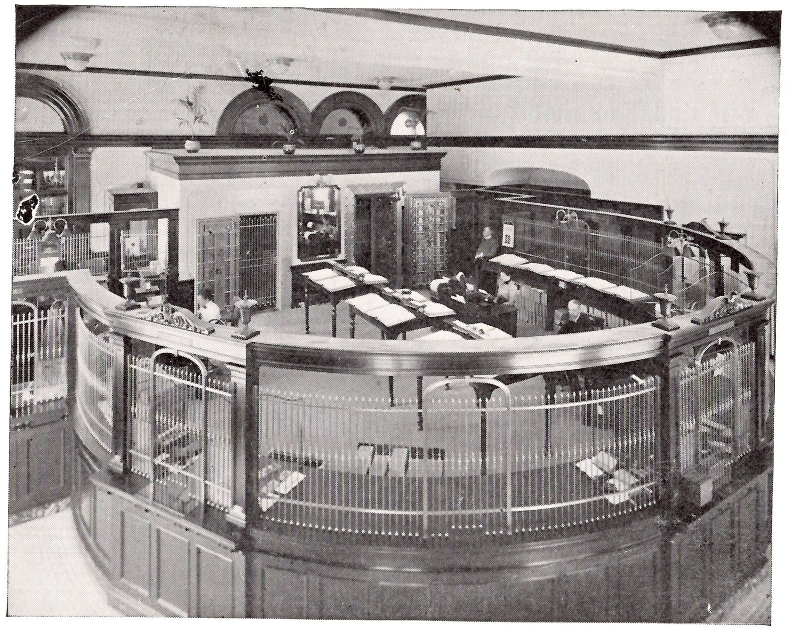

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